

The Nation.

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The Week.

It is easy to credit the Washington report that Senator Aldrich has informed the President that it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to get the inheritance tax through the Senate. This is not because the Senate is the entrenched defender of wealth, but because it directly represents the States. Now, no less than thirty-three of the States have laws levying an inheritance tax. The rates on inheritances in the direct line vary from one-half of one per cent. to 5 per cent.; and on collateral inheritances from 1½ per cent. to 15. The amounts collected for the latest fiscal year accessible ranged from \$200 in North Dakota to \$5,435,000 in New York. (We quote from the figures furnished by the State Tax Commissioner of Connecticut, to the meeting of the International Tax Association, at Toronto, last year.) It is natural that the States should look with jealousy upon an invasion of their tax preserves by the Federal government. The objection is not only that double taxation would result, but that the fruitfulness of the tax itself would be certain to be impaired. The tendency would increase to make gifts during lifetime, instead of waiting for a legacy to be taxed twice. It is, of course, highly desirable that Federal taxes should impinge upon those best able to pay them. That is one of Adam Smith's fundamental canons of taxation from which our government has too much departed. Wealth ought to be taxed, not poverty. And if the inheritance tax cannot be taken up, the movement for a national income tax will become strong. President Taft has declared that such a tax can be levied in a form to obviate the objections made by the Supreme Court to the income-tax clauses of the Wilson bill.

One of the first nominations sent to the Senate after Mr. Taft's inauguration was that of Z. Lewis Dalby of Virginia, as Indian inspector. The nomination had failed of approval in the last Congress. It was twice confirmed, but then reconsidered, and was thereupon

laid aside, pending further inquiry as to the fitness of Mr. Dalby, against whom a number of charges have been made. His name was once more sent to the Senate on Monday. An Indian inspector is a very important official, because he must judge between the Indians on the one hand and the agents on the other. The Indian Rights Association charges Mr. Dalby with brow-beating and cursing an Indian witness when the man's evidence was unfavorable to the sheep and cattle interests. Not unnaturally, the Indians have lost confidence in Dalby. An educated Chippewa Indian charges Inspector Dalby with having shown himself at an inquiry "unscrupulous, untruthful, and unreliable"—this at the White Earth agency, Minnesota. Other complaints on file against him come from the Winnebago reservation in Nebraska. The very helplessness of the Indians makes it absolutely necessary that only men of the highest character be permitted to come into such vital relations with them.

There is no higher parliamentary authority in this country than Asher Hinds, so long clerk to the Speaker, and his opinion of the slight changes in the House rules will hardly be challenged. He declares that they leave the Speaker stronger than ever, since they take away none of his essential power, while relieving him of certain irksome responsibilities. These relate chiefly to his consent to the calling up of bills in which particular members are interested. The giving or withholding permission has often been the cause of bitter enmities. Mr. Hinds recalls the political hostility which Speaker Reed incurred in that way. Hereafter, there is to be a "unanimous-consent" day, in which bills that have reached a certain parliamentary stage may be brought before the House, provided nobody objects. That will take the burden from the Speaker, and put it upon the members. They will have to rage at each other, after this, and not at a tyrannical Speaker, for preventing them from getting their great measures enacted. The check on hasty legislation will remain, but will not lie wholly in the Speaker's hands. As Mr. Hinds puts it, the result will be to tend to make "a perpetual Speaker

and an ephemeral membership." This was scarcely the intention of the insurgents.

The Second Public Service Commission at Albany has refused assent to the plan to build the proposed Buffalo, Rochester and Eastern Railroad, from Troy to Buffalo, a line parallel to and competing with the New York Central. For months the commission held hearings along the projected route, listening to the evidence of shippers and merchants in all the leading cities between Albany and Buffalo. The volume of fault-finding with the New York Central was astounding. Shippers, it seems, would route their consignments in the most devious ways to escape the inevitable delays on the Central. The fact was settled beyond all dispute that the conditions inflicted grave injury upon business. Naturally, the New York Central appeared in opposition, but speedily found itself in the difficult situation of having either to admit that its management had been bad but could so be improved as to enable it to handle properly all the traffic offered it, or else to confess that the volume of traffic had passed beyond the limits of its utmost powers as a four-track railway. After hearing the evidence, the commission took months to weigh it and to examine the scheme from all possible points of view.

Now the commission has rejected the proposal, not because the new road would parallel an existing line, or, we take it, because the members of the commission are satisfied with the traffic arrangements between Albany and Buffalo, but for wholly different reasons. The commission found that one excellent defence offered by the New York Central, the inability of the Boston and Maine to care for the business offered to it by the Central, would be a fatal obstacle to the new line; for the Boston and Maine would be its only Eastern outlet. An average of 770 cars a day was the utmost that the Boston and Maine could handle in 1907. Yet to earn enough for its fixed charges the new road would have to offer to its Eastern outlet at least as many additional cars per day. Another ground for disapproval

ing the application was the underestimates of the engineers, \$85,559,018, as against the \$100,000,000 estimated by the commission's engineers. That capitalization would call for an earning capacity of \$48,000 a mile—over \$8,000 a mile more than the gross earnings of any road in 1906. Furthermore, the financial responsibility of the backers of the road did not satisfy the commission. Whoever recalls the era of speculative, overcapitalized, parallel railways from 1870 to 1885 must rub his eyes in amazement as he reads of this quashing of a plan because it has the very features which characterized the wild building of that period. The history of American railroading would have been far different had Public Service Commissions with similar powers been established even so recently as thirty years ago.

The conviction of the Coopers for slaying ex-Senator Carmack is highly creditable to Tennessee and to the South, where crimes of precisely this nature have more than once gone unpunished. When the former Lieut.-Gov. Tillman of South Carolina killed N. G. Gonzalez, editor of the *Columbia State*, without the shadow of an excuse for his crime, he was promptly acquitted. The Cooper jury was apparently just the one that would be expected to let the murderers off, because of its lack of literacy and general intelligence. Its members one would think precisely the persons to sympathize with the feud spirit of the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains. Yet they have bravely vindicated the courts by balking the clever attempts of the lawyers to bring about acquittal on the ground of self-defence. This conviction, we believe, will be of great value to the entire South, as a precedent. Henceforth every public prosecutor in that section who is compelled to put on trial a bully with the pistol-carrying habit will be encouraged by the result of the Cooper trial. This interference with the long-established prerogative of one gentleman to kill another may mean the breaking up of an old custom, but it is a custom that should have gone decades ago.

The strike of the postal employees at Paris has been settled in the inevitable way. The strikers are going back to work in reliance upon fair treatment by

the government. In all probability they have received pretty definite assurances that their enemy, M. Simyan, will be got out of the way. Thus another victory of the somewhat peculiar Clemenceau brand is added to the French Premier's record. He has settled labor troubles before this by sternly refusing to yield, next getting the strikers back to their places, and then yielding with grace and dispatch. The Opposition may accuse M. Clemenceau of hastening on the social revolution by compromising with the enemies of social order. But in that talk there is a good deal of humbug. What the Opposition cannot forgive M. Clemenceau is that he should compromise with the labor leaders instead of bringing on a crisis by stern measures, get the Opposition into office, and let them compromise with the strikers. After all, France is a radical nation at present. It has an overwhelming Parliamentary majority of men who are not afraid to call themselves Radical-Socialists. It has a large out-and-out Socialist party. It has two Socialist members of the Cabinet.

The Balkan war-clouds melt away as the skies in the North Sea begin to lower. In this there is food for optimist and pessimist alike. It is too bad that trouble should follow upon trouble. It is fortunate that one difficulty should pass away before another arrives. The outcome in the Balkans is distinctly encouraging to this extent: if there are forces in Europe working for conflict, there are also powerful forces making for peace. Austria-Hungary comes out of the long quarrel with her coveted pound of flesh, but with nothing added to her reputation. Her warlike intentions could never have been very serious, seeing how very exacting she was while winter made war impossible, and how suddenly she grows placated when spring is on the threshold. Von Aehrenthal and his associates banked upon Europe's present fear of war. In justice it must be admitted that they played a bold game; but "bluff" it was nevertheless. Yet if Russian diplomacy can now take advantage of the exasperated feelings of the Balkan Slavs, Austria may find her way to the Ægean Sea barred more solidly than ever.

Mr. Asquith has set at rest the ru-

mors that he was about to give way to the Jingoism and decide upon eight new Dreadnoughts instead of the four he has asked for. Mr. Balfour's resolution of censure is still before the House, and will come up for discussion within the next ten days. If his own party wishes, therefore, to take sides with Mr. Balfour for eight battleships, it may do so. We cannot, however, see that there is any danger of this, unless the House, like the public, should go stark mad over battleships. Mr. Asquith also spoke out bravely against the anti-German agitation; "the artificial agitation," he called it, "that is now being engineered" and is "unpatriotic, unscrupulous, and misrepresenting the situation." These are the correct adjectives to apply; and the Premier helped to establish his claim to be a leader by stating positively that there is "no friction, no unfriendliness, and no suspicion" between England and Germany. That country is endeavoring to set before the world the facts as to its building programme. It ought speedily to agree with England on a definite limitation, lest both peoples go out of their heads.

The details of the libel suit won by Mr. Lloyd-George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, make it plain that the proprietors and editors of the offending paper, *People*, have reason to be grateful that they are not in jail. A sort of English *Town Topics*, this newspaper announced that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been guilty of adultery, but that, thanks to the efforts of his friends and the expenditure of \$100,000, the price of peace, the case would be kept out of the divorce court. Naturally, Mr. Lloyd-George brought the paper to book, and the proprietors, Sir William Armstrong and W. T. Madge, were compelled to admit that "they were unaware of the insertion in their paper of these scandalous libels"; that the last thing they would desire is that their paper should circulate such accusations, for which there was no justification or foundation. The defendants were let off with a fine of \$5,000. The judge praised Mr. Lloyd-George for his extreme moderation in not going further in the punishment of the offenders. He gave the case an immediate place upon his calendar, not because Mr. Lloyd-George was a man of influence and position, but because anybody plac-

ed in his position was entitled to immediate relief, as the defendants had confessed guilt. There would be less libelling in this country if our courts moved more promptly and were as keen to see justice done.

In Persia, a crisis seems approaching. The greater part of the Empire is in open revolt against the Shah, who would apparently be content to hug his quiet at Teheran if Russia and England would only let him. The loose structure of Oriental states allows life to go on in spite of dismemberment. Morocco furnishes a parallel instance of a revolution extending over almost a dozen years, without greatly disturbing the monarch in his capital. The West, however, is more impatient, and neither Britain nor Russia can be content with Tabriz, Ispahan, and other great cities in a permanent state of revolt. It rasps on the political nerves and hurts trade, besides. So far, winter has exercised the same restraining influence that is ascribed to it in the Balkan imbroglio. With the melting of the snows fighting will take on new life about Tabriz, and even Teheran may not remain permanently intimidated by the Shah's Cossacks. There is talk of a convention being summoned by the Shah to draft a new constitution. Foreign influence is undoubtedly behind that move.

THE PAYNE TARIFF BILL.

By the way in which a tariff bill is received, one may get light upon the theory on which it is drawn. The Payne bill has a mixed reception; the inference is that it was drawn on mixed principles. That is otherwise clear. No man can even read the vast mass of provisions in the various schedules, with their minute subdivisions and qualifications, without becoming convinced that no one clear principle runs through the whole. Now it is revenue that is sought; now protection; now a dubious mingling of the two. More than one clause is subject to the suspicion of having been inserted only as a "joker." Many such will doubtless be discovered as the examination and discussion of the bill goes on. The whole is too much like a mighty maze without a plan. A rigidly and consistently protectionist

tariff would be easier to understand. We could both more heartily praise and more readily comprehend a tariff strictly for revenue. The Ways and Means Committee has given us neither.

Concerning the efficiency of the bill in producing sufficient revenue, its very framers are evidently in grave doubt. The statement put out by the Ways and Means Committee predicts an adequate government income in 1910, only in case the next fiscal year prove "prosperous and the normal conditions of 1906 return." Hope is also expressed that the returns will be larger "on account of the large increase in population," during the past three years. But nobody seriously expects conditions to become "normal," in the committee's sense, until after the next fiscal year is pretty well gone. The committee itself plainly does not, and is not certain that its bill will wipe out the deficit by means of fruitful taxes, for it goes on to provide methods of borrowing money to meet the deficit. Authority to issue Treasury certificates is continued, and the maximum amount of them is pushed up from \$100,000,000 to \$250,000,000. That is a good-sized anchor to windward. Furthermore, Panama bonds, to the amount of \$40,000,000, may be sold and the proceeds used to "reimburse" the Treasury for the money paid in the original purchase of the canal. Once let the principle be recognized of capitalizing previous expenditures for "permanent utilities," when revenue fails, and we are treading the path of danger which has thrown the public finances of Germany and Russia into their present disorder. If the Treasury is to be "reimbursed" for revenue spent in good faith on the Panama Canal, then why not "reimburse" for fortifications, for post-offices, for river and harbor improvements, paid for out of the ordinary revenue in years gone by? It is proposed not only to set up a principle new to American public finance, but quietly to override the old and salutary principle of paying for the needs of government as we go. This provision is the surest evidence that the Ways and Means Committee is not at all confident of the revenue to be got from the new tariff. Yet to make it yield sufficient revenue was declared by President Taft in his message to be the main object.

Whatever may be the defects and the

offences of the Payne bill, it still represents, as compared with the McKinley and Dingley bills, an enormous advance towards common sense. The idea of cheapness has ceased to be anathema to these latter-day protectionist tariff-makers. They hold out the hope, and have done their work on the theory, that the cost of many of the necessities of life may be reduced by reducing taxes. Shoes and clothing, glass, and steel, wood and paper, it is proposed to make cheaper. At last, the forgotten consumer is given a thought. After long years of argument, it has been beaten into the heads of high-tariff fanatics that low duties mean both more revenue and more trade. And the old idea of universal, all-round protection, every single product getting its just recompense of reward in a perfectly equitable tariff, is now admitted to have broken down.

The most conspicuous proof of this is the restoration of hides to the free list. They were taxed 15 per cent. ad valorem in the Dingley bill, as a distinct sop to the farmer. He was being heavily taxed for his ploughs and hoes and harnesses and harness, therefore, in order to conciliate him, concede him the right to tax other people on leather. The duty on hides was explained by the great Lodge in the Senate as a necessary part of consistent protectionism. His constituents in Massachusetts might not like it, and he himself was opposed to it *per se*, but there stood the fact that the blessings of protection must be extended to all, or none would enjoy them long. Manufacturers might desire free raw materials, but could not have them. From all this sophistication, the Payne bill executes a sharp retreat. It would make not only hides free, but iron ore and coal; and the taxes on other raw materials it would cut down. This is the greatest single achievement of the bill. It marks progress. Upon some of the hoariest absurdities and outrages of protection, it plants a heavy foot. Free hides are a kind of sign-board, pointing the way in which the whole bill is headed. That provision alone will do more to stimulate our trade with South America than could the establishment of a score of steamship lines, unprofitable and therefore to be subsidized.

The new tariff bill will now be fought over in Congress. It will have to en-

ture the assaults of selfishness and intrigue. Powerful interests will fall upon it in the process of what the *Tribune* elegantly calls "adjustment, equalization, and compromise." Others, instructed by the history of the framing of previous tariff bills, would call it grabbing, squeezing, and threatening. In what shape the bill will finally emerge, it is impossible to say. It ought to be freely debated and so amended as to add to its good features and diminish its vices. But, even as it stands to-day, the Payne bill must be confessed to be a more enlightened and promising measure than any tariff bill ever fathered by the Republican party.

PUBLICITY FOR PARTIES.

If we might believe certain Albany correspondents, the Governor's bill for direct primaries is "doomed." It is to be variously ignored, despised, and rejected. Neither it nor he has any friends in the Legislature. But this is an old story. All of Gov. Hughes's capital measures have been "doomed" just before they were adopted. His Public Service Commissions bill hadn't a ghost of a show until it suddenly passed triumphantly. As for his bill to abolish race-track gambling, the scorn with which the knowing regarded those simple-minded people who thought it might be enacted, was overwhelming. Did we not remember this usual course of important legislation urged by Gov. Hughes, we might think it a waste of time to examine the actual text of the primary bill. As the probability is high, however, that it will pass the Legislature either this year or next, it is just as well to ask what it purposes to do.

Enormous labor has plainly gone to the preparation of this measure of 135 printed pages. This was made inevitable partly by the need of fitting the new scheme into the general election law of the State, of which the bill is offered as an amendment. The scrutiny of details and the recasting of sections and a thousand minute changes in phraseology are enough to account for the delay in perfecting and introducing the bill, to say nothing of thinking out and drafting all the provisions and applications of the new plan. The result is no mere happy-thought legislation, but a serious measure to the preparation of which able lawyers and men

skilled in affairs and in politics have given days and nights of toil. It is as far as possible from being a doctrinaire production. There are no sweeping theories going through it unbroken. No unvarying logic shapes its provisions. The bill is made flexible, intended to fit varying conditions in varying parts of the State. It admits differences of procedure in Presidential years. The entire plan is not something wholly extraneous to our political system and party practices, violently forced upon them, but an expansion and extension of what already exists—all wrought out with the sole object of making party management truly representative of the wishes of the party. Let no off-hand critic get it in his head that he can at a glance point out objections which have not been duly considered and provided for in some part of this bill. It is a document about which politicians may rage, but upon which they will break their teeth.

If the bill were to be described in a phrase, one could say that its dominant purpose is to enforce publicity upon parties. If the Governor has his way, they will be compelled to come out into the open and do their work where everybody can see. This is the one idea running through the whole measure. We have had a powerful movement for publicity in corporations: here we have publicity for parties. To show how great is the change proposed from the old secret methods of "addition, division, and silence," we will take the prescriptions for a political committee setting about the work of making nominations. In the first place, every meeting of a committee for that purpose shall be "open to the public." No more "going into executive session," where the thimble-rigging can be done in the dark. The public can now be present, newspapers can report all that takes place. Moreover, the new law provides for a public calling of the roll of the committee, each member of which shall then "arise and declare the name" of his favored candidate. One can understand how terrifying all this transparent procedure will appear to the old practitioners of the secret arts of politics, but how simple and natural it all seems when once you have gone over to the wholly sound theory that the party is entitled to know what its managers are doing!

The "directness" of this primary plan consists in getting rid of delegates and conventions, and acting instead through committees, whose work and whose personalities are continually coming before the voters of the party for direct approval or condemnation. Nominations for membership in these committees must be made only on petition, and long in advance of the primary. There is to be entire freedom in the nomination as in the election of these men, who are to have party affairs in charge. They hold office for but one year, and they and the candidates for office whom they favor, must come before the September primary. About that primary election itself, new safeguards are thrown. There can be no raiding of a Republican primary by Democrats, or vice versa, as in Oregon. Nor can party funds of any description be used in a primary fight. This provision, with the general law governing the expenditure of money in elections, will effectually prevent such a scandal as that attaching to the purchase of a seat in the Senate by Mr. Stephenson of Wisconsin. By the way, the Albany bill does not contemplate a primary election for United States Senators. And the argument that the city vote would always swamp the country vote, in the political committee, is met by the provision that each city committeeman shall have one additional vote for each thousand votes cast for Governor by the party in his unit, while country committeemen are to have an extra vote for every hundred votes so cast. Herbert Parsons will also discover that ample provision is made for fusion movements in municipal elections. Sincere objections to the direct primary have been largely met in the bill; there remain the dishonest pretences of politicians who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. But Gov. Hughes has triumphed over them before, and we look to see him do it again.

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

The announcement of the conclusions arrived at by the conference of the maritime Powers at London, confirms previous forecasts. Agreement was reached in several disputed matters of naval warfare, and principles were laid down to guide the Hague Tribunal in passing upon any cases that may be brought before it involving the rights

of neutrals, the definition of contraband, the effectiveness of blockades, etc. All told, this Declaration of London is in line with the general humane progress that has been made since the famous Declaration of Paris in 1856.

To that convention, the United States did not adhere. This was not because it went too far, but because it did not go far enough. This country, as represented by Secretary Marcy, stood for an absolute rule against the destruction of private property at sea in time of war. How does the case stand now for our own historic contention? The Declaration of Paris itself represented a certain advance. It excepted certain classes of private property from capture. Neutral goods were better protected than before, and even an enemy's goods under a neutral flag were safe, unless contraband of war. Since that time, the practice has grown towards larger exemptions, with more ample recognition of the principle that the flag covers the goods. Capt. Mahan could write in his "Influence of Sea Power" that "the principle that the flag covers the cargo is forever secure." But that left enemy's goods in enemy's ships still a legalized prey.

At London, attention was fixed less upon the flag than upon the nature of the goods. A fuller definition of contraband was sought, and was found in a division into articles that are always contraband, articles that are always free, and articles that may sometimes be free and sometimes contraband. In the first class fall, of course, powder, arms, military equipment of all kinds. They may be seized on any vessel at any time. Conditionally contraband are supplies of food, fodder, money, flying-machines, and articles which might be used as munitions of war; the question would have to be determined by a prize court. But for the first time the leading nations of the world have agreed upon a list of articles which shall be at all times and places non-contraband, and which, under no circumstances, not even in a ship flying the enemy's flag, can be seized. This list includes many raw materials of manufacture, together with machinery and chemicals used in agriculture and the arts. Our State Department estimates that the export of such absolutely free articles from the United States amounts to \$400,000,000 a year,

while the conditionally contraband goods among our exports would figure at some \$900,000,000 annually. One sees what the new agreement would mean for our trade in time of war. The honorable position striven for by the United States has not yet been attained, but is more closely approximated.

With much skepticism is to be taken the statement from Washington that another triumph for the United States is to be read in Article 47 of the London convention. This provides that any person belonging to the armed forces of the enemy may be made a prisoner of war on board a neutral vessel, even though there be no reason for seizing the vessel herself. It is said that this is a recognition of the principle under which Capt. Wilkes removed Mason and Slidell from the British steamer *Trent*, during our civil war. It is added that the British representatives at London renounced the doctrine under which the release of Mason and Slidell was demanded and obtained. This we must think highly doubtful. Mason and Slidell were not a part of the "armed forces" of the Confederacy. They were diplomatic agents; and the right of neutrals to convey them to a neutral port can scarcely be questioned. Lincoln had Mason and Slidell given up on the technical ground that Capt. Wilkes should have brought in the *Trent* for adjudication of the question in dispute by a prize court; but when Seward came, later, to argue the justice of their seizure, he put it on the ground that they were contraband. It has been generally admitted by American writers on international law that the capture of Mason and Slidell was illegal; and it is hard to believe that the Declaration of London can have intended to justify it. The mistake probably arises from supposing that Mason and Slidell could be regarded as part of the "armed forces" of the enemy.

We will not dwell upon the new regulations affecting blockade and defining "continuous voyages." Those matters, though hotly debated, are of minor importance. The decision respecting them appears to be enlightened. The whole endeavor of the delegates of the various Powers at London seems to have been honestly to seek to make war less terrible. They could not, however, take any steps to make war impossible, or

to lead the nations to disarm; and as long as this was so, their work cannot be thought to go to the main question of the day. Of what use to regulate naval warfare when nothing can be done to stop the insensate jealousies and hatreds and provocations which are now being used to goad England and Germany into war, or at least to heap up burdens on either people almost as grievous as those of war itself? An international agreement to ground arms is much more needed than one simply to decide how arms may be used. The really statesmanlike proposal was that made by Campbell-Bannerman to leave off building battleships if Germany would do the same. From that to the present fury for Dreadnoughts—dreading not even national bankruptcy—is a painful change.

THE FOURTH ESTATE IN RUSSIA.

The St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya* is the Russian London *Times*. On March 12, Alexei Suvorin, its founder, owner, and manager, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance on a journalistic career. The event took on national importance. An Imperial rescript dealt with the veteran editor's services to his country. Leading members of the Duma joined with members of the Cabinet in paying homage. The rival newspapers brought forward their tribute handsomely. For M. Suvorin is pre-eminently a type of the editor who rises to be a national force. He has had other interests than his newspaper. He is the owner of a great theatre at St. Petersburg, which he does not run as a money-making institution. He is the publisher of a popular library which has distributed the masterpieces of Russian and foreign literature by the millions at nominal prices. But, though he is quite aware that Russia has much to learn from abroad, Suvorin is, above all things, an intense, almost a violent, patriot. His may be the high-class jingoism of the London *Times*, but a jingo he is. That is the predominant characteristic of the *Novoe Vremya*. Generally regarded as a conservative, M. Suvorin claims the merit of having been among the first to voice the nation's desire for liberty in the stormy days that followed the outbreak of the war with Japan. When no one as yet ventured to speak of a constitution, the *Novoe Vremya* is said to have demanded the convoca-

tion of the Zemsky Sobor, the ancient Russian Estates. Only when the Liberal agitation took on, to M. Suvorin's view, the character of a separatist and disintegrating movement, when the unity of the Russian Empire and the safety of monarchical institutions with which he believed it bound up were in danger, did he break sharply with the radical progressives.

That is the apologist's view. An opponent might argue that, as an expert and prudent journalist, M. Suvorin must have scented a change in the air some five years ago, and have taken measures accordingly. Possibly he played safe. It is an interesting fact that, while the *Novoe Vremya* was Moderate during the short-lived days of freedom which followed the Constitutional Manifesto of October, 1905, a son of M. Suvorin was among the founders of the Radical organ, the *Russ*, whose brief career was made up of almost weekly suppressions and revivals. In any case, the *Novoe Vremya* has kept its patriotic character and its influence. It has been prominent in the present Balkan crisis in a rôle similar to the one it played in 1876. Then it helped to provoke the upheaval of Slav sentiment which forced the Czar into war with Turkey in behalf of Servia and Montenegro. To-day, M. Suvorin's journal fulminates against Austrian aggression and gives the Czar's ministers cause to be anxious. The outside world finds it hard to understand that in Russia to-day there should be such a thing as public opinion, capable of being roused by a newspaper, and directed against an omnipotent government. Yet that would seem to be the fact. Within certain limitations, the fourth estate makes its power felt under the worst of despotisms.

The power of the press may be appraised in two ways. There is its influence on the total mass of a given population, and there is its influence on the class of newspaper readers. Evidently, the newspapers are a greater force in our own country where everybody reads them, than they can be in Russia where perhaps three per cent. of the population reads them. But, man for man, it is pretty certain that the Russian newspaper reader is far more susceptible to the journalist's influence than the American. The very fact that free expression is a forbidden art in Russia, makes the free word, when it

does reach its audience, all the more potent. The very fact that the printed word in Russia often carries a price on its head, makes the printed word sacred. Whereas the average man in New York reads his two or three papers daily, in Russia a copy of the daily journal is still circulated from hand to hand. But whereas in New York the path of every newspaper is straight from its owner's hands to the gutter or the waste-basket, in countries where newspapers are rare a single copy leaves behind it a luminous trail of debate and speculation. We often tend to forget how powerful was journalism in its youth when the lettered classes were the rich classes, and circulation was small. The London *Public Advertiser* did not circulate by the hundreds of thousands when Junius's letters drove a King and his ministers to fury. There was no enormous reading class in Paris when the restored Bourbons were baited by the Opposition press. The beginnings of Russian journalism, itself, show a rare instance in the case of Alexander Herten. From its London office, Herten's *Kolokol* (the Bell) had to be smuggled into Russia. Yet, passing secretly from hand to hand, read in secret, commented upon in whispers, it came to exercise a tremendous influence, which even its comparatively large circulation by itself could not account for. Alexander II was said to be a faithful reader of the journal which he would not allow within his dominions.

At the present time, the liberties granted less than four years ago are mutilated. The censor is busy once more. The Russian journalist is again compelled to practise the arts of half-meaning, insinuation, and innuendo, which made his predecessors of a generation ago marvels of subtle expression. But that is only when a writer would say everything he wants to say. Undoubtedly, the range of the permissible has grown immensely since the early days of even Nicholas II. To write of labor wars, of conspiracies, of constitutional liberties, Russian newspapers need no longer confine themselves to telegraphic reports of foreign strikes, conspiracies, and constitutions. They need only print what the radicals in the Duma utter. Not even the full reports of the Duma may be privileged at present, but, after all, the Russian censor is a stupid fellow. The censorship, like the

autocracy in general, is inefficient, spasmodic, allowing to-day what it prohibited yesterday, or even allowing in one column what it strikes out from another. St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1890 had eleven daily papers and twenty weeklies. In 1900 the number had risen to twenty-four dailies and thirty-three weeklies. In all Russia there were then 287 periodical publications. In August, 1905, the number had risen to 1,630, of which St. Petersburg alone had 534. There were fifty daily papers at St. Petersburg and twenty-five at Moscow in those short days of freedom, when the pent-up speech of ages burst out in Russia. This, of course, was inflation. Periodicals were born and died with the rising and setting of the sun. The numerical strength of the press must be far smaller now. But much that was gained for freedom of speech in those stormy days has not been lost.

SHELF-ROOM AND CULTURE.

When President Eliot said that a row of books five feet long, read at the rate of ten minutes a day, would supply a man with a liberal education, he was not dealing in impossibilities. Two books lie on the desk before us. One is 1½ inches wide and contains 380 pages, with about 300 words to the page. That would give the proposed "Harvard Library" between 35 and 40 volumes, comprising some 15,000 pages and 4,500,000 words. It is not too little. Athens succeeded in training her citizens upon a far smaller expenditure of words. As to the time involved, we may assume that 2,000 words may be managed in a ten-minute session by the ordinary reader. This would give us between six and seven years for the entire five-foot journey. But there is no reason to suppose that Dr. Eliot lacks Yankee shrewdness. Let us count on. The second book on our desk is one inch thick and holds 1,272 pages of about 600 words each. The matter it encloses happens to consist of the complete works of William Shakespeare. Here we see our "Harvard Library" grow at once to 60 volumes of some 76,000 pages, and 45,600,000 words. This should satisfy the more advanced student, who is willing to pursue knowledge for sixty-five years, or at the rate of thirteen years a foot. Finally, Dr. Eliot has not specified the height of his shelf. Take thought, add one-tenth of a cubit to the

stature of your volume, and there is another gain of 25 per cent. in contents. Without question, the scheme is practicable.

We should have less doubt of the authenticity of Dr. Eliot's scheme if the newspapers a week ago had not reported him as favoring the expulsion of the Irish from this country, and if we were sure that the newspapers will not report him next week as favoring a system of modified polygamy. Mere justice to the college professor requires that we take what the papers say about him as *prima facie* untrue. In the present instance, however, the first impression goes the other way. We have shown that Dr. Eliot's plan is practicable. We can also find reasons why it should have been formulated. Dr. Eliot stands now at the culmination of his career. Whether he will choose to rest or not, he is at the age when most men prefer to rest, to reflect, and to review. When a wise man looks back over his life, he is first struck with the vast mass of chaff out of which he has garnered his permanent stock of wisdom. Old age, in the retrospect, recalls something more than deeds done that should not have been done, and words said that should have remained unuttered. It sees labors lost that should never have been begun, friendships that should not have been formed, faiths that should not have been embraced, and, with the others, books that should never have been read. That is why learned old men have been fond of drawing up lists of the world's ten or fifty or one hundred best books.

One weak point there is in President Eliot's scheme. It is by no means certain that, in this country at any rate, the most condensed library is likely to prove the most popular. The great mass of us, precisely those who stand in need of a home system of liberal culture, buy books in bulk. Dr. Eliot's original three-foot shelf of books ought in theory to sell more readily than his revised five-foot shelf. But in practice, it often seems easier to sell five feet of books than three, ten feet than five, and twenty feet than ten. Take the extraordinary development of the traffic in "standard sets," in so-called editions *de luxe*, in "libraries" of hundreds of volumes of all kinds. And beside them come the cohorts of English authors less well known, and of the men of strange

tongue and distant lineage. There are Trollope, Charles Reade, Jane Austen, Fielding; there are Voltaire, Balzac, George Sand, Flaubert, Maupassant; there are the numberless histories of literature, of science, of art. The predominant tendency is towards more volumes with heavier paper, bigger type, and more illustrations. We have, of course, the pocket edition and the India-paper edition. But the pocket edition only provokes to a Shakespeare in forty volumes, and the thin-paper edition seems only to tap new and inexhaustible sources that make our last condition worse than our first.

We can call this passion for long and gayly equipped library shelves a passion for furniture and not for books, and yet refuse to be discouraged. What if the young physician buys his forty volumes of Shakespeare as an effective piece of furniture for his reception-room? What if Balzac, dead and turned to gorgeous morocco, is bought as the mechanical piano is bought and the pictures in gilt frames? The point is that the books have won a footing. With time to back them, the battle is henceforth theirs. Like the hidden plague germs, like a subtle malaria, the infection of their presence saps and conquers—if not the first generation, then the next. A restless hand, on a day of illness, will fall upon one of these volumes; a child poring over those striking illustrations, on a day of rain or punishment, will turn to the text; and then suddenly our piece of furniture becomes an enchanted garden, and the "standard set" becomes a world.

That is why Dr. Eliot's plan may sin on the ground of undue economy. Once upon a time, it is true, we thought that immortal literature could be carried in small bulk. The author who travelled light was supposed to travel far. Now it is apparent that the more serried the ranks of his volumes, the better is his chance of popularity. That, probably, is part of the reason for Balzac's or Voltaire's vogue among us, and not a sudden awakening to the high worth of French literature. Shakespeare is made to assume a merit when he hath it not, by being put into large type and 16mo. They call these pocket editions, but the people who carry about "Hamlet" with them must be very few, after all. These are really wall editions, and no shame attaches to them for being that, or for

being as handsome as they can be made. Some day, they will leave the wall and walk abroad throughout the house.

"MUCKRAKING" IN THE COLLEGES.

At the recent dinner of the Oberlin Alumni Association of New England, President King is reported to have said:

I am beginning to think that we are on the verge of an era when there will be tests for efficiency such as this country has never seen. There are only two institutions to which the "muckraker" has not turned his attention—the church and the college. But, mark my words, it is our turn next. There are plenty of colleges which are not doing what they ought to do. There is such a thing as getting money under false pretences.

The church, unless our senses deceive us, has been under the harrow for a number of years; and certainly the attack on the colleges has already fairly begun. The issues of *Science* for March 5 and 12, for example, contain four papers discussing the aims and the shortcomings of the American college—papers that were read before the Section of Education at the Baltimore meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. A few months ago Abraham Flexner, in a little book, "The American College," charged that the college suffers from many defects of organization and discipline; and Clarence F. Birdseye's "Individual Training in Our Colleges" (1907) has provoked such wide discussion that he is, according to the publisher's announcement, preparing a new book in which his criticism will be further elaborated.

These books and articles are evidence of a growing belief that our colleges are, as President King puts it, "not doing what they ought to do." Too many of our youth spend three or four years in comparative idleness, and come out with minds appallingly empty and amazingly undisciplined. Alumni of Harvard or Yale, for instance, will freely confess that they were drilled severely at Exeter or Andover; but that, by the time they had gone through college and entered the law school or medical school, they had almost forgotten how to work. They were forced to acquire again that habit of concentrated application which they had lost in the happy hours of undergraduate ease. College professors themselves admit the facts. Prof. James H. Tufts of Chicago (*Science*, March 12) speaks of the "more or less definite feeling" that college work "lacks intel-

lectual seriousness." Prof. Josiah Royce of Harvard says flatly (*Science*, March 12): "I agree with our critics that many college boys do not now work hard enough." Mr. Flexner (*Science*, March 5) argues that under the elective system the college is tolerant of every form of intellectual capacity; and therefore has the right to demand, as unhappily it does not, "a genuine performance at every point. To make opportunities abundant and standards low is thoroughly immoral." Prof. William North Rice of Wesleyan (*Science*, March 5) takes as his thesis "A Danger Arising from the Popularization of the College." After noting that "in the olden time it was assumed that every student in college was dedicated to a distinctively intellectual pursuit," he goes on to show that with the influx of students who are not looking forward to scholarly careers, a pressure is "exerted upon college faculties to tolerate a lower standard." He adds:

The trouble is not simply that some men do not study. That was always the fact. No system ever fulfils its own ideal. . . . But then the men who did not study knew and confessed that they ought to study. Now it is gravely asserted in influential quarters that [as] many students in college . . . are never intending to be scholars, there is no need of their being particularly scholarly even during their school life.

Thus it is that influential alumni and alumni clubs want the college to admit boys who are unprepared and "to graduate men who have accomplished very little in the line of study." Especially, says Professor Rice, is this plea raised "in behalf of men who are distinguishing themselves as athletes during their school and college life, and in behalf of men who are likely to come into possession of considerable money." No one who is familiar with the inner working of our colleges can deny that the conditions are as Professor Rice describes them.

How, then, can we change them? Professor Royce would "reject or dismiss" the unfit or the unworthy. But while the colleges are competing for numbers; while Amherst keeps an anxious eye on the registration at Williams; while Brown is proud of a larger attendance this year than last; while Harvard men point with scorn to the smaller enrolment at Yale, this talk of rejecting or dismissing the unfit is a counsel of perfection. The lad who fails to pass his entrance examinations at Harvard or

Yale, is gladly received on certificate elsewhere. And once he is in college, anything that may by any stretch of language be described as diligence in study will serve to keep him there. A remedy which is sometimes proposed is to adopt the methods of certain foreign universities in imposing extensive and searching examinations before granting degrees. But this procedure seems to us applicable rather to advanced university courses than to the college proper. Professor Royce would apply the plan which President Wilson is trying at Princeton—give the boys "more good work to do" and employ "more instructors whose duty it should be to follow them up personally."

We have high expectations of the Princeton experiment if it can be generously backed and persisted in through a period of ten years. We shall also look for important results from Clark College in Worcester—an institution which, though very new, avowedly strives to be a Johns Hopkins for undergraduates. We hope, moreover, that the rumors are true that under President Garfield, Williams will set its ambition on a small but select group of students. There is no reason why at least one of the older colleges of New England should not have its course as rigorous as that of the best fitting schools—reject both the dull and the indifferent, and make its task the stimulation of a picked body of ambitious youth. The sharp discipline would not mean that students could not enjoy ample opportunities for athletics, music, and all other forms of legitimate recreation, and it would certainly mean that the graduates would soon be as notable for efficiency as are the graduates of the finest secondary and technical schools. The maintenance of such a model college would have a tonic effect on our whole system of education. We come back then to the idea we have so often advanced. Again we say, let college boys have a taste of the policy of Thorough; and as Professor Rice urges,

If they do not want to study Greek, they may study French or German or Spanish; they may study applications of science, as well as pure science; if they do not want to study philosophy or advanced mathematics, they may study the labor problem, or banking and currency, or commercial geography and commercial law; only let it be understood that whatever they profess to study they must really study. In a college, as in a railroad station, there is no room for loafers.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Much of the fiction recently published in Germany bears evidence of seriousness without that emphatic insistence on purpose which is so often detrimental to artistic quality. An example in point is Ludwig Ganghofer's "Waldrausch" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), a novel in two volumes, neither in theme nor treatment of striking originality, but of refreshing spontaneity. The narrative opens with a charming woodland idyll. Two little boys set out to explore the mysteries of the woods and of the mountain stream which, when the spring floods swell it, overwhelms man and beast. One of them says that when he grows up he will build a wall around the turbulent waters. As they stroll through the underbrush they meet the aged *Waldraucher*, who gathers the medicinal bear-berry, and all the while sings *Schnadahüpfel* that reflect his reading of life. This chapter is the prelude of the drama that forms the plot of the story, and the centenarian is its chorus. A remarkable creation is this sage and poet of the people, who has a stanza for every problem coming within the range of his observation and whose rhymes sink into the hearts and stir the souls of his listeners. The boys carry the memory of their meeting with him into their manhood. The dream of Brosi comes true, for he chooses engineering as his profession; and the building of the dam and his experiences with the native peasantry and the hated Italian laborers enter largely into the tale. There are some strong love episodes, too—the love of Toni for the wild-wood beauty Beda, and the ideal affection springing up between the engineer and the princess as they play together sonatas for the piano and the violin. Nor is the element of rough and primitive passion wanting, and the humor that relieves the tension of tragic complications. A cheerful acceptance of the inevitable facts of life, a smiling resignation to fate is the lesson to be read between the lines.

Two remarkable first books breathe the same wholesome spirit. "Funchal," by Norbert Jacques (Berlin: S. Fischer), a native of Luxembourg, but a resident of Switzerland, is a story of unfulfilled longing. A child born on the island of Madeira is the only survivor of a ship wrecked on a voyage to a northern port. A Danish fisherman, already blessed with a numerous family, adopts the boy who at the time of the catastrophe is only twenty months old. As he grows up, his dark skin, eyes, and hair set him apart in the community of fair-skinned and flaxen-haired Scandinavians. He is a serious, quiet lad, with the temperament of a dreamer; and even before his foster father shows him a board of the sunken ship with the

name Funchal upon it, he is haunted by visions of sunny skies and flowery shores against a background of towering mountains. At times an irresistible *Wanderlust* seizes him, and as he tramps and works his way through the little country, he seeks in its seaports for a ship bound for Funchal. But he never finds one, and as his love for his foster-sister ripens into the desire to make her his wife, he is resigned to remain in the little Danish fishing-village. As the daughter born to them grows up into a girl of strange beauty, an artist comes as suitor for her hand; but one day the father, mother, and daughter go out in their fishing boat to ply their trade as usual, and never return. The distracted lover erects a block of granite near the shore, on which he has graven the girl's image; but the boys of the village, ignorant of its meaning, pelt it with pebbles, until in time the outlines are obliterated. The charm of this story is its atmosphere and admirable style.

The second of these first-stories is distinguished by poetical sentiment and by a noble ethical message—Hans Kyser's "Der Blumenhiob" (Berlin: S. Fischer). The hero is a modern Job, a man persecuted by an extraordinary series of misfortunes, yet in his despair never quite blind to the beauty of the world. The home which he had earned for his little family is destroyed by fire. The gifted boy who has been the light of that home is snatched away by sudden death. Crazed by the loss, the wife gives birth to a daughter and dies. The girl proves an idiot, and becomes a sore burden to the bereaved father, who in rescuing her from an approaching train is crippled and loses both of his legs. The book would be unendurably dismal were it not for the hero's patient acceptance of his fate. The story shows such great promise that one looks forward with interest to the author's volume of verse and his tragedy "Medusa," which the publishers announce as in preparation.

Bernhard Kellermann is a comparatively new arrival. His strong individuality announced itself in that delicate fantasy, which could hardly be called a novel, "Yester und Li," and appeared matured and deepened in "Inge," published about two years ago. Now he has given us "Der Tor" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), of which the hero is a simple vicar in a provincial town, going about, like another Nazarene, doing good to his fellow-beings, forgetful of self. Into the joyless life of a poor consumptive, he sheds a ray of happiness. The dormant soul of a miser, he rouses to the consciousness of good to be done, and the conscience of frivolous worldings he stirs until they are fired with the desire to begin life upon a more spiritual plane. Yet this vicar is simple and almost awkward in his manner, apparently dull and ignorant, and

only in critical moments startling those about him by his clearness of judgment and independence of action. No one in the town escapes the influence of his strong personality. But after all his labors, he falls a victim to a disease contracted in his Samaritan service, and goes to an inglorious and undramatic end. The style is well adapted to the subject, unadorned, yet strangely impressive.

Marie Eugenie delle Grazie's work as poet and dramatist has so overshadowed her fiction that a novel from her pen comes almost as a surprise. Yet it was her story "Bozi" which, years ago, first brought her wider recognition. Her new work, "Heilige und Menschen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is a remarkable achievement. The heroine, a member of the old Italian aristocracy, which is divided to-day into friends and foes of the Church, is Alba Chietti, the older of the two daughters of Prince Chietti. He is as faithful an adherent of the Pope as his brother is an enthusiastic admirer of Haeckel. From books in her uncle's library Alba has derived a knowledge of zoölogy which is barred from convent schools, and her story of the lizard and casual mention of the "Natural History of Creation," strikes the pacific atmosphere of her class-room with the force of a cyclone. This experience opens the eyes of the girl to many abuses in the school, and makes her a friend of Elena, the illegitimate scion of an old Roman family, who is continually made to suffer for the sins of her parents. Alba takes Elena home with her during vacation and a love springs up between her brother Flavio and the high-spirited, beautiful girl. Flavio is destined for the church, but his rebellion, strengthened by his love, ripens into open opposition. Thus through a succession of moving incidents, the breach between the two generations widens, until the spiritual estrangement is complete. The characterization of the women is excellent, the girl types in the convent school being particularly well presented.

The idea that the sins of parents are largely responsible for the sins of the children is the theme of Kurt Aram's "Jugendsünden" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). It is also a tale of school life, in the rigid and strait-laced household of a worthy pedagogue, the Oberlehrer Sieg, whose own son is the victim of his father's ignorance of the child-soul in that trying period which precedes maturity. Into the joyless routine of the boy's life comes the meeting with little Baroness Thea. The guileless love of a boy and girl barely in their teens is delicately and tenderly depicted. A childless couple become interested in the youthful lovers and save them from a dismal ending of their innocent escapade into the world. The types by

which the school, the bourgeoisie, and the aristocracy are represented bear the stamp of real life.

The woman novel with a distinct *Tendenz* is still popular in Germany. The "Tagebuch einer anständigen Frau," by Hedwig Hard (Munich: Albert Langen), has gone through several editions within a short time. It is the simple and pathetic record of a rescue from a life of disgrace. The story is concerned with only two people, the redeemed woman and the man who has married her. The espionage practised in European cities by landlords, janitors, and police force, more tolerant of sin than of the regenerate sinner, makes of their life a purgatory. Even when salvation comes to them through the protection of an influential philanthropist, one is not quite sure whether the mistakes committed by the legal authorities will not continue to influence public opinion and to breed trouble. The Diary is very unpretentious, and has a far more convincing ring than the "Tagebuch einer Verlorenen," which may be remotely responsible for this new sociological document.

Else Jerusalem is a Viennese writer whose "Venus am Kreuz" some time ago attracted no little attention. Her new book, "Der heilige Skarabäus" (Berlin: A. Fischer), is the record of the life of a girl born an outcast, who develops a remarkable intelligence. Inheriting a fortune, she does not seek admission into the world of respectability, but devotes her money and energy to the rescue of children like herself, for whom she founds a home in the mountains. There is a host of characters not ordinarily met with in fiction, and the author shows great skill in their delineation; the heroine's evolution is amazing in its consistency. The subject matter is unpleasant, but the treatment is dignified.

The problem of rehabilitation seems to engage many minds at present, for even Bernardine Schulze-Smidt, who has been a conservative in her long career as novelist, makes it the theme of her new book, "Fließendes Wasser" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Her heroine, homeless, motherless, but intelligent and high-spirited, seeks refuge in a pious institution, where she is tortured with moral precepts and Scripture texts. An aristocratic patroness sees through the crust of hardness in Rose Diener and gives her the love that the girl has lacked. But finally Rose cannot bear the oppressive atmosphere of the place; goes out into the world, becomes a nurse in the Boer war, and in due time dies on the battlefield. There are other interesting characters and incidents, among the latter the discovery that Rose is the prodigal daughter of an aristocratic family—a rather well-worn device of fiction.

Ernst Zahn is a Swiss writer whose

work has given him a prominent place in recent German fiction. "Die da kommen und gehen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a volume of short stories full of interest. They are records of lives that come and go, of whose existence the earth bears but a faint impress, lives without complications, yet not without psychological interest. In "Requiem" the eyes of a robust fisherman are suddenly opened to the delicate beauty of his invalid wife, and when death takes her from him, he continues to live ever after as under the spell of a dream. There is an admirable tenderness about "Eine Begegnung," and even "Ein kleiner Frühling," stories of passing fancies, of loves barely reaching the threshold of consciousness and passing away without a crisis, leaving nothing but a faint memory. The author is a keen observer of life and reflects his impression with the tact and the discretion of an artist. A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The following are the prices paid for a few of the more important items at the Hermann sale, on March 18 and 19, at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company in this city: Shelley's "Queen Mab" (1813), a presentation copy, original boards, uncut, \$875; "Epipsychidion" (1821), with the autograph signature of Shelley on the title-page, sewed as issued, uncut, \$500; Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book" (1840), with an original drawing by Thackeray inserted, \$215; "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo" (1846), with three original drawings by Thackeray inserted, \$180; "Pendennis" (1850), with an original drawing in colors by Thackeray inserted, \$250; Scott's "Waverley" (1814), 3 vols., original boards, uncut, \$400; Matthew Arnold's first publication, "Alaric at Rome" (1840), original paper cover, \$345; Charles Lamb's "The King and Queen of Hearts" (1808), \$430; FitzGerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam" (1859), uncut, \$246; Milton's "Paradise Regained" (1671), \$260; Butler's "Hudibras" (1663-1678), first edition, 3 vols., \$240; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), \$180; Poe's "Al-Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems," original boards with trimmed edges, \$1,460; Grimm's "German Popular Stories" (1823-26), with illustrations by George Cruikshank, original boards, uncut, \$540; the *Scourge* (1811-16), a complete set, 12 vols., with colored plates by Cruikshank, \$300; the *Annals of Sporting* (1822-28), a complete set, 13 vols., with colored plates by Henry Alken, \$420; "Tales of the Islanders," an original unpublished manuscript by Charlotte Brontë, \$470 (this manuscript sold in November, 1905, for \$120); unpublished manuscript of Bret Harte, fifteen pages, \$120; a collection of fifty-five letters of Robert Southey to Mrs. Hodson, \$360; a collection of letters by and to Abraham Lincoln, more than 250 items in two folio volumes, \$835.

On March 29, the Anderson Auction Co. will sell the second part of the library of the late William Harvey. Among books with colored plates by Rowlandson are Burton's "Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy" (1818); the three "Tours of Dr.

Syntax" (1812-20-21), first editions; "The English Dance of Death" and "The Dance of Life" (1815-17); the "Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France" (1821); and "Naples and the Campagna Felice" (1815). Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" (1858) and "The Table Book" (1845), in the original parts, are important Cruikshank items. A copy of Stith's "History of Virginia" (London, 1753), reprints of Indian captivities, publications of the Caxton and Rowfant Clubs, and an original drawing by John Ruskin, are other notable lots. On March 30 and 31, the same firm will sell the library of L. D. Griggs of Waterbury, Conn., including books on art and a collection of editions of the Book of Common Prayer.

On April 1 and 2, the Merwin Clayton Sales Co. of this city will offer the libraries of the Rev. William Laurie and the Rev. Joseph M. Clarke. Early American periodicals, pamphlets relating to Yale College, and books on Ireland are important classes represented.

On March 30 and 31 and April 1, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the library of George Alfred Townsend, better known as "Gath." Books on the civil war and American local history, especially Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, make up a large part of the collection. Among the rarities is a copy of the famous Martyr-Book, "Der Blutige Schau-platz oder Martyrer Spiegel," printed at Ephrata in 1748 and 1749, the largest book printed in America before the Revolution. This copy has the frontispiece (slightly damaged) not in all copies.

Frederik Muller & Co. of Amsterdam send us the advance sheets of a sale of autographs to be held by them on April 19. Included are documents signed by Charles V, Maria Theresa, Louis XV, etc.

Correspondence.

THE "LOST LEAF" OF "PIERS THE PLOWMAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. J. M. Manly's notable article, "The Lost Leaf of Piers the Plowman," which appeared something more than three years ago (*Modern Philology*, III, 359), has reawakened the lively interest of scholars in the critical problems presented by Langland's poem. Professor Manly pointed out for the first time the manifest lack of connection in Passus V of the A-text between vv. 222-35, which describe the confession of Sloth, and the passage which immediately follows (vv. 236-59). In this fact he found evidence of the disappearance from the author's manuscript of a leaf, containing between sixty and eighty lines, in which, he believed, the confession of Sloth was concluded and the figure of Robert the Robber introduced. Moreover, he reminds us that from the company of deadly sins who make their confessions Wrath is omitted, and brings this omission into connection with the break at v. 235, by advancing the theory that the confession of Wrath covered the two pages of another lost leaf in the original manuscript, and that the two lost leaves were the halves of a folded sheet, "the next to the innermost of a

section or gathering," in the bound volume in which, as he supposes, the author committed his poem to paper.

Dr. Henry Bradley, reviewing Professor Manly's article a few months later (*Athenæum*, April 21, 1906), accepted his view that vv. 236-59 do not properly follow the confession of Sloth, but proposed a different explanation:

Professor Manly has failed to perceive that the proper place of lines 236-59 is after line 145, at the end of the confession of Covetousness. In this position they not only fit perfectly, but actually improve the sense.

Dr. Bradley's explanation of the mistake which has occurred is, that the author wrote his text on loose sheets instead of in a bound volume, and "that one (or more) of these leaves (containing the confession of Wrath and the end of the confession of Envy) got lost, and that another (containing lines 236-59) was misplaced." This theory of the "misplaced sheet," which has the advantage of being simpler than Professor Manly's "lost leaf," has recently been endorsed by Dr. Furnivall (*Forewords to the Offprint of Manly's "Piers the Plowman,"* Early English Text Society, Original Series, 135 B (1908), p. iii) and M. Jusserand (*Modern Philology*, VI, 287). Nevertheless, a still simpler explanation of the difficulty, it seems to me, may be offered.

All are agreed, it will be remarked at the outset, that some displacement of the text has occurred immediately following v. 235. The break in the sense at this point was instantly evident as soon as Professor Manly pointed it out. The lines which follow are in no wise appropriate to Sloth. But shall we transfer them, as Dr. Bradley would do, to Covetousness? To me, as to Professor Manly, they seem rather to belong to Robert the Robber. It is nowhere hinted that Covetousness would have found difficulty in making restitution, as is implied in vv. 236-8 (I transliterate to modern English characters):

And yit I-chulle yelden ageyn, yif I so muche
haue,
Al that I wikkedliche won sethe I wit hade.
And thauh my lyfode lakke letten I nulle—etc.

On the other hand, these phrases fit well with the situation of Robert the Robber, who looked on *Reddite*, "And for ther nas not. Wher-with he wepte ful sore." Again, the penitent's determination to seek St. Truth "er I seo Rome" (v. 241), may be compared with earlier lines in the poem (A. iv, 111) where "Rome Renners" and "Robbeours" are mentioned together.

But perhaps the most serious difficulty in Dr. Bradley's rearrangement of the passage lies in the fact that if vv. 236-59 be transferred to Covetousness the latter would then give utterance to two vows hardly consistent with each other:

(1.) I and my wife will wend to Walsingham,
And bidde the Rode of Bromholm bringe me out
of dette (v. 145);
(2.) I schal seche seynt Treuthe er I seo Rome
(v. 241)

Each of the deadly sins (except Envy), it will be noted, closes his confession with a vow. And it might be supposed that Robert the Robber would follow their example in this. But if in vv. 236-41 Covetousness is the speaker, Robert is left without a vow, though there can be no question as to his contrition.

This omission, now, will be supplied—

and most appropriately—if we recognize the troublesome lines 236-41 as forming the conclusion of Robert's prayer, and restore them accordingly to their proper place following v. 253. Let us see how the lines read thus placed (the shifted lines being marked by asterisks):

Robert ye Robbour on Reddite he lokede,
And for ther nas not Wber-with he wepte ful sore.
But yit the sunfol schrewe seide to him-seluen;
"Crist, that vpon Caluarie on the Cros dyedest,
Tho Dismas my brother bi-souyete the of grace,
And heddest Merc of that mon for Memento sake,
Thi wille worth vpon me as Ich haue wel deseruet

To haue helle for euere yif that hope neore.
So rewe on me, Robert, that no Red haue,
Ne neuere weene to wyne for Craft that I knowe.
Bote for thi muchel Merc mitigacion I be-seche;
Dampne me not on domes day for I dude so ille,
*And yit I-chulle yelden ageyn gif I so muche haue,
*Al that I wikkedliche won sethe I wit hade.

*And thaun my lyfode lakke letten I nulle
*That vche mon schal habben his er ich henne wende:

*And with the Residue and the remenaunt (bi the Rode of Chester!)

*I schal seche seynt Treuthe er I seo Rome!"
Ak what fel of this Feloun I con not felre schewe,

But wel Ich wot he wepte faste watur with his eyen,

And knouhliche his gult to Crist yit eft-sones,
That Penitencia is [pike he] schulde polissche newe,

And lepe with him ouerlond al his lyf tyme,
For he hath leiyen bi latro lucifers brother.

A thousen of Men tho throgen to-geders,
Weopyng and weylyng for heore wikkede dedes,
Cryinge vpward to Crist and to his clene moder
To haue grace to seche seint treuthe: god lene thei so motel

Thus arranged, the whole passage seems to me to fit together perfectly. With the words, "I beo-hote to the Rode" (v. 235), the vow of Sloth comes naturally to its conclusion (for I cannot feel with Prof. Manly that this is an abrupt ending). In the next line Robert is introduced—abruptly, if you will, but in the same fashion that Sloth is introduced at v. 222. His prayer for mercy concludes with a vow which could not be better suited to the situation. The next six lines (254-9) serve to dismiss Robert and thus to clear the stage for the throng of nameless penitents, who, like Robert, will seek St. Truth. Consider, on the other hand, how abruptly vv. 260-2 would come in if placed, as Dr. Bradley suggests, directly after v. 235. It is unnecessary, then, in the case of this much discussed passage, to assume either a "lost leaf" or a "misplaced sheet." The text as we have it appears to be intact. The whole confusion has arisen through the carelessness of the scribe, who introduced vv. 236-41 at a point 12 lines earlier than they belonged.

Nor is this the only blunder of the kind committed by the scribe of the A-text. Professor Manly ("Cambridge History of English Literature," II, 33) has recently pointed out a precisely similar case in Passus VII. Here we find four lines (71-4), which the author plainly intended to follow v. 90, inserted 16 lines ahead of their proper place. Dr. Furnivall, commenting on the misplacement of these lines in Passus VII, explains graphically how the mistake occurred. The four lines were added by the author, "no doubt at the top or bottom of the page, with a tick to show where the lines ought to come in." But the scribe "shovd them into a place 16 lines earlier, where they've nothing to do with what came before or after them." This explanation

is eminently satisfactory, and will apply equally well to the misplaced lines in Passus V. Here also the lines were written in by the author, at the top rather than the bottom of the page, since in both instances the scribe has brought them in earlier than they belong. These two passages taken together are instructive, not only as to the careless habits of the A-scribe, but also as to the method of the author in revising his lines. It would not be surprising if further scrutiny of the A-text should result in the discovery of still other misplacements of this sort. For example, in Passus II, vv. 37-9, would certainly fit better if placed after v. 51; and in Passus III, as Skeat has already remarked, vv. 266-9 "ought to be put lower, having ll. 270-271 above them." One also suspects some misplacement at IV, 64, and at VIII, 77.

The absence of Wrath from the congenial company of the deadly sins, which Professor Manly used to confirm his theory of the "lost leaf," is a matter which requires to be considered separately. If we assume that the poem as Langland wrote it included a confession by Wrath, it is easy to explain its disappearance on the hypothesis of Dr. Bradley, that the poem as it passed from the hands of the author to the scribe was written on loose sheets, and that one (or more) of them has been lost. I do not feel certain, however, that the author's text included the confession of Wrath. Langland shows a free hand in his treatment of the deadly sins, by varying at pleasure from the stereotyped order in which they stand in the works of edification. May he not have felt himself at liberty to omit one of the seven if he felt that it did not suit his purpose? Let it be noted in this connection that in Passus II (vv. 60-74), where the other six sins are marshalled, Wrath is likewise absent. Professor Manly is mindful of this omission, but assumes that a line in which Wrath was mentioned has dropped out. This would be, to say the least, a singular coincidence.

In conclusion, I wish to make it clear that the restoration of the passage in Passus V here proposed in no way militates against Professor Manly's view that the revisions of the poem which we know as the B- and C-texts were not the work of Langland. Though it was the theory of the "lost leaf" which led him to re-examine the relation of the revised texts to the original form of the poem, Professor Manly's subsequent investigations enable him to base his conclusion on more general grounds. In regard to this larger question of the authorship of the B- and C-texts, however, it will perhaps be well to reserve final decision until Professor Manly presents his evidence in full, as he promises to do shortly.

CARLETON F. BROWN.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., March 8.

P. S.—I discover, after writing the above communication, that Mr. Theophilus Hall in the *Modern Language Review* for October, 1908, remarks briefly with reference to the break at V, 236, that "the lines in question are surely part of the confession of 'Robert the Robber,' to which they form a fitting close" (p. 1). To him, therefore, belongs the credit of first pointing out this solution of the passage. That two persons

should have arrived at this solution independently makes it the more conclusive.

C. F. B.

March 13.

A MEMORIAL TO JOHN NEWBERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The month of July in the year of 1913 will see the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Newbery, the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard, whose life I published about thirty years ago under the title of "A Bookseller of the Last Century." Newbery was immortalized by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield," by Dr. Johnson in the *Idler*, by Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall," and by many other writers who have recognized the influence of the first man who published, wrote, edited, and compiled books for: "all those little Masters and Misses who are good, or intend to be good."

We have travelled a long way since Newbery and Goldsmith cooperated on that famous list of books of which "Goody Two Shoes" and "Tommy Trip" may be taken as among the best examples, but if it were only for the fact that Newbery was the first to give the "Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose" to the world in collected form his memory should be kept green by English-speaking children wherever they may be found. Newbery's original collection of Mother Goose's melodies has, moreover, an added interest, for there is no doubt that Goldsmith had a hand in the editing, annotating, and arranging of the first edition, while he was living with and working for John Newbery. Neither in London, at the scene of his labors, over against the north door of St. Paul's Churchyard, nor at Canonbury House, Islington, where he and Goldsmith lived and worked together, nor at his birthplace, Waltham St. Lawrence, is there anything of prominence to keep John Newbery's name in remembrance. "Mother Goose" has enriched countless publishers, who have banished both the name of Goldsmith and of Newbery from their editions, and has delighted children innumerable on both sides of the Atlantic, and the year of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth would be an appropriate one in which to commemorate in some enduring way the life-work of a man who was, as Goldsmith said, "not only the friend of the children, but the friend of all mankind."

This would seem to be the more necessary, for a claim to have been the originator of this collection was made about forty years ago on behalf of a Mrs. Goose, or Vergoose, the mother-in-law of one Thomas Fleet, a printer who flourished in Boston, Mass., during the eighteenth century. The absurdity of this contention was amply demonstrated by H. W. Whitmore, a former city registrar of Boston, in his preface to a facsimile of Newbery's edition, which he published in 1893; but ancient superstitions and modern myths alike die hard, and there are thousands in America to-day who cling to the idea that Mother Goose was an American lady, instead of a *nom de plume* borrowed by Newbery from Charles Perrault's "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," which was published in the seventeenth century, and which had

an origin even still more remote, as any one may learn who will read Longfellow's "Ancient French Romances."

The Marquis of Northampton, the owner of Canonbury House, where, as a contemporary poetaster has it,

Learned Chambers treasured lore for men,
And Newbery there his A B C's for babes,

has recently restored it and made of it a museum of North London Antiquities; and a movement is on foot to secure subscriptions to raise some enduring monument, either in Canonbury House or elsewhere, to the memory of the father of children's books, a most laudable enterprise. And in doing this let us not forget our great American publisher, whose name forever deserves to be linked with that of John Newbery. For he reprinted all of the Newbery-Goldsmith books in America as fast as they came out in England, among them the famous "Mother Goose's Melody." Therefore the memorial to John Newbery by grateful English and American children should in some way enshrine also the name of Isaiah Thomas.

CHARLES WELSH.

Winthrop, Mass., March 13.

MAINTAINING IDEALS OF STUDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of February 25 on "Making Scholarship Attractive" you present certain aspects of the subject so convincingly that it seems worth while to call attention to certain other considerations which you have overlooked or undervalued. As regards two of the remedies suggested, you have, I think, quite effectively disposed of the arguments used in their support. "Honor days," or by whatever other name occasions of doing public honor to "high scholars" may be called, will never be effective agencies in stimulating a spirit of scholarship that is worthy of the name. There will never be any lack of public honor for anything the community regards as honorable. To put the honors first and expect the scholarship to follow is putting the cart before the horse indeed. Affairs of this kind are purely a worked up demonstration on the part of the government and find no spontaneous support in the feeling of the student body. I recall an occasion of the sort when, as each good boy's name was called by the presiding official, the small company of students present responded with perfunctory hand-clapping, until at the sound of one name they burst out into a round of perfectly genuine applause. It was the name of the champion strong man of the college!

Equally futile, as you well indicate, would be any organized attempt to make scholarship the basis of social distinction. Societies of the type you refer to are not charitable institutions, but natural groupings of men of similar social tastes and habits. A common interest in the higher things of life will draw those who feel this interest together as surely as any other form of attraction, and it may safely be left to take care of itself. In any of the larger colleges the intellectually superior youth do now, in spite of the apparent contempt of seriousness, come together in societies of their own, and these are regarded by their mates with the kind of respect

that serious interest in any worthy thing always commands. Only, young men are still happily far from accepting the official standards of scholarly accomplishment. They have an instinctive sense of the fictitiousness of distinctions won in official ways. They admire and respect a clever man, but they distrust the stamp by which the institution marks its "distinguished" scholars. The real problem of college administration is to bring about some kind of harmony between this instinctive appreciation of good work that exists even in the penal colonies of our parasites and their imitators, and the methods of teaching employed to stimulate such work.

It is at this point that I find myself differing from the conclusions of your article. You lay the blame of present ills chiefly upon the existence in our larger colleges of courses of instruction in which it is easy for the student to win the certificate of accomplishment with a minimum of intelligence and a shameful absence of work. You connect with these courses the charge of incompetency on the part of the teachers. Now, as a matter of fact, the most notorious of such courses have been at Harvard, and I think the same would be true elsewhere, in charge of men of the highest scholarly repute and of altogether exceptionally stimulating quality as teachers. Such courses were deliberately planned to furnish to large numbers of students not aiming at special results in the given field of study, glimpses at the larger aspects of the several subjects treated. In the scheme of a great university they have had and always ought to have their honorable place. They were intended to correspond to the so-called "public courses" of the German universities, where hundreds of students not enrolled in the department concerned come together to hear what men of the highest standing in their several professions have to say about the relations of their subject to learning as a whole or about some aspect of it specially interesting to thinking people at the time. Such courses were never intended to be used as tests of scholarship, and it is in their use for this purpose, not in their essential quality, that the real evil consists.

Now the remedy you suggest is that the teachers proceed "to keep the undergraduates up to the mark." That is easily said, and there is no doubt that it can be done. It would be possible for our colleges to revert frankly to the conditions of a half century ago, to divide their students up into small groups, set them lessons to learn, and maintain an army of useful young men to see to it that they learned them. But we may be perfectly sure that no sooner would this machinery have got into working order than we should begin to hear the same old criticisms over again. The lame and the lazy would simply have a new set of devices to escape the consequences of their own action or inaction, and the authorities would have to begin devising new means to meet them. We gave up this way of approach to the problem more than a generation ago, and we are not going back to it. Whatever is done to meet the very real evils you have pointed out must be done on the basis of the ideas which underlie our present educational conditions.

In other words, the principle of liberty with which the present movement in education began must still be maintained. It has been grotesquely misunderstood and misapplied, and we are suffering from these misunderstandings and misapplications. But in spite of all this, the principle that in higher education the student must be made responsible for his own actions remains unshaken. The only question is how this responsibility can be brought home to him wisely, and, in the best sense of the word, safely. I venture to believe that the chief obstacle to a right attitude on the part of students toward their work comes from the wrong aim set before them by the college itself. Formerly the aim of the indifferent student was to do a moderate amount of prescribed work in a way to escape disgrace, and then, after the lapse of a fixed period of residence, to take the degree which was the certificate of such performance. In the desire to escape from that system we have run, or slid, into another equally dangerous, if more seductive. We now set before our youth the ideal of accomplishing so many "courses" in as little time as faculties can be persuaded into permitting. In place of units of time we now talk and think in units of acquirement vaguely supposed to correspond to units of instruction. The "course" has come to have an almost mystical meaning as a kind of mysterious entity independent alike of the quality of the man who "gives" it and of the kind of youth who "takes" it. We hear of "good" courses and "bad" courses, "hard" and "soft" courses, "big" courses and "small," until the college community comes almost to believe that these qualities attach in some occult fashion to a given presentation of a subject without special reference to the personality of the teacher.

"Counting courses" has come to be almost synonymous with getting an education. In many places the unit is deliberately made as small as possible. We began with courses representing several hours of classroom work per week through a year. Now a "course" may mean instruction covering a half or a quarter, or even an eighth of a year. Then we patch these odds and ends together and give a certificate that the youth has "done enough work" to entitle him to membership in the goodly company of educated men. All this degree giving rests upon a system of credits differing little from the method of reckoning piece-work in a factory. It has not greatly changed since the days of required studies. It does not vary essentially from the method used in grammar schools. It is a device unknown to the higher education of any other civilized country, and would be repudiated anywhere else as unthinkable, in connection with any intellectual ideal. Good teachers have fought against it. Faculties in their higher moments have tried to infuse into it some degree of reasonableness, to make it bear some relation to the intellectual life. But the business side of college administration has regularly defeated such effort, and we stand to-day in the grotesque position of trying to maintain ideals of study for study's sake and then dealing with our students on a commercial basis which makes it possible for them to win all the certificates of accomplishment without ever feeling for a moment the breath of the ideal

we would fain have them live and work by.

The remedy I propose is at one stroke to knock the bottom out of all attempts to get or to give something for nothing by giving up all credits on courses as such. It should not be possible for a student to ask "Is this course hard or easy?" Work is hard and loafing is easy, and such inquiries relate, not to the intrinsic difficulties of a subject, but solely to the point whether the given teacher will make it easy for the student to gain credit toward his degree. It is obvious that if no credits were given on courses such questions would disappear at once. In their place would come questions like this: "Is this course one that will best lead me toward the goal of learning I have set before myself?" "Is this course one that an educated man, such as I hope to become, ought to pursue?" "Will this course and that and the other, put together, make such a combination as a reasonable man would approve?"

Then, as the condition for a degree, we should provide in every department a series of graded tests, consisting of oral and written examinations at considerable intervals, and these should be the *only tests upon which credit should be given*. Under the term "examinations" should be included any form of test, such as extended theses, laboratory reports, drawings, charts, or whatever proof of the candidate's real accomplishment at the time may best serve as a basis for academic recognition. All these tests should be set by departments, not by individuals alone. The subjects of examination should not regularly correspond to any specified courses of instruction. The degree should be given in a subject or definite group of related subjects. For example, to win the degree, the candidate must have passed primary examinations in several subjects, thus securing a broad basis of general knowledge and an adequate preparation for further study. Then he must have passed a smaller number of secondary examinations in subjects, some of which will be in continuation of those pursued for the primaries. Finally, he must have passed one or two final examinations in subjects which he shall have carried from the beginning.

It will be seen that this scheme combines some of the advantages and avoids some of the dangers of the German, the English, and the American ideals. It retains the free choice of studies up to a certain point, where a moderate degree of specialization must come in. It frees the teacher from any direct personal responsibility for the standing of the student, but it does not, as in England, put him at the mercy of an examining board in which he has no part. As a member of the department he has a voice in determining the tests, while at the same time, he is subject to the wholesome correction of his immediate colleagues. The plan retains the American idea of reasonably frequent examinations and stages of advancement without the present evil of examination by courses. It opens up to faculties the opportunity of illustrating a broad, generous idea of a liberal education without the fatal scrap-piness from which we at present suffer. The plan would not prevent any teacher from using any amount of tests which might seem to him useful for purposes of in-

struction or discipline; only, such examination would never be thought of as bearing directly upon the student's academic standing. No course would be "hard" because there would be no such thing as "passing in a course." No course would be "easy," because slackness in instruction would be followed by failure in the credit tests. The student would get out of a course much or little to help him in gaining the training which alone would enable him to pass successfully the stages leading toward his degree.

It is, of course, idle to imagine that under this or any other system, the deliberately useless student will be greatly improved. He will always spend what energy he has in devices to defeat the purposes of his own academic existence. Academic systems must be planned with no further reference to him than is necessary to keep him from blocking the ways and to save the college from stultifying itself by certifying to his accomplishment of work it knows he has not done. The worst evil of the present conditions is that they are teaching, not only the loafer, but the better man as well, to look to fictitious and immediate rewards, instead of working for more real and more remote attainment.

X.

Cambridge, March 18.

INTELLECTUAL DEMOCRACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of February 25 on "Making Scholarship Attractive" strikes undoubtedly at the root of the whole matter. There are, to be sure, in college too many "spoiled, lazy boys"; nor can any one rightfully look for a remedy until, as you suggest, "our colleges themselves firmly assert the authority of intellectual interests." And yet true as both these statements are, they are likely to remain unheeded, because they fail to meet specifically the world of complexity that lies below the surface of any large university. Rigorous reform will probably result not from broad generalizations, but rather from a careful analysis of the various attitudes toward the student held by instructors the land over—obviously a colossal task. The slightest step in this direction, however, would reveal an alarming array of men who in one way or another are essentially opposed to making on the student more than shockingly lax demands; nominally they may stand for high standards of scholarship, but they lapse variously into indulgence.

With one class of such men, as I have observed them in two or three universities, I wish here to deal, for though they are relatively few in number their influence is, I am sure, disproportionately harmful. These are they, strangely enough, who desire to make knowledge human and attractive for the student; to be not only teachers but friends too. These are they, also, who all too plainly wag the tail when some "rich parasite" in passing gives them a smile—usually an ulterior smile, looking for future favors. These are they who find it far easier to be friends with the rich than with the poor. With them the student of only ordinary circumstances, or less, gets a square deal; and the student of wealth and social position does not—he gets more.

These are they who are indeed enthusiastic about this friendship game.

Truly, the little brothers of the rich on any faculty are a mighty foe to the traditional ideals of education. Instead of holding all students up to reputable work, they easily find reasons for making exceptions, being always scrupulously careful, however, to convince themselves by specious logic—even sophistry—that their reasons are cogent. It is largely due to the easing off processes of such men that an instructor is often confronted by a boy who refuses to buckle down to any prescribed task whatsoever—he has been led to believe that really to use his best intelligence on such a matter is bourgeois—or who essays without a blush to defend from a low mark a slovenly piece of his own handiwork, brain-work it is not. These men, too, are the kindergartners of the college, who maintain that a student, like a child, should be taught amusingly rather than by requiring him to give any severe attention. Whence, otherwise, those sullen, pampered faces which seem to say, on entering the classroom, "Well, now that you've got us here what are you going to do to make us happy?" All students deserve on occasions, of course, to be treated with the gentlest good humor; just as all students most of the time need fierce directness, if they are to grow. Teachers might well take the hint in this respect from the treatment accorded by coaches of athletic teams; the result would be more winning wits. The test should always be that a student is really applying his mind to the matter in hand. In this connection I recall the case of a boy who, when asked to write a composition embodying something learned in a college course, replied in a panic, "Oh, I couldn't." He was true to his word.

On the other side, let a good round note be blown for these very fellows whom men are trying to spoil. For experience convinces me that the majority of them, whenever they can break loose from the pampers, really delight in mental competition—just as they do in competition at games—and in a rough encounter of intellects. They often have virile, revolutionary ideas which they wish to test on an older, maturer judgment; they ask for no quarter, they demand only fair play. How stupid, then, how criminal of an instructor, when approached in this way, to waste time by feeling flattered, or by surreptitiously shifting the conversation to the boy's prominent people! I remember once hearing a captain of a crew rebuke an instructor by saying meekly, "I can talk about something else than rowing." Boys of any brains, no matter what their social position, are, as a rule, I believe, bored by this sort of attention and at heart give more respect to the teacher who maintains in his relations with them a strict intellectual democracy, showing partiality neither to the grind nor to the more leisurely disposed, and who, above all else, recognizes and tries to stimulate any eager, active mind.

Intellectual democracy, that, it seems to me, should be the rigid ideal of every teacher. In the undergraduate body, of course, there will always be exclusive clubs and the condescension of the great man to the little man, as in society at large. But

in the attitude of the instructor what student really desires to see any respecting of persons! Surely, not until it is weeded out will our colleges discharge the magnificent duty with which they are entrusted—to guide youths during their most formative years; to give flexibility and reach to their imaginations; to grant them an opulent chance, which your young men should always have, to see visions; to encourage in them mental correctives for the rougher and readier standards of the world outside. Just so long as intellectual democracy continues to be vitiated in the manner I have cited, just so long will this duty remain unfulfilled, and just so long shall we observe rich men's sons learning, even at college, the shifty ways of unfair influence.

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER.

Cambridge, Mass., March 12.

THE UNDERGRADUATE POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial of February 25 on low standards of scholarship in the universities, the *Nation* laid a large part of the blame on the "benevolent gentlemen" whose easy courses are the sheltering fold of idlers.

While the existence of such professors and their damaging effect upon the students who elect their courses are not to be denied, yet it seems more likely that they are merely by-products of general conditions, rather than prime causes. Of course, they make it far easier for a determined loafer to keep his head above water for the specified four years, but it is too much to say that they produce loafers from new material, or that they exert any influence over those not idly inclined. If there were a general desire among the students to do effective and creditable work in college, and thereby prove their ability to do likewise in life, these kindly incompetents would lecture to empty seats, and their courses would die of malnutrition. They were called into being, and their continued existence is made possible by the presence of a large percentage of students who wish to coat themselves with the fashionable veneer of a college "education" with the least possible annoyance from such obsolete old fogies as Homer, Molière, or Newton.

The difficulty lies much deeper than the shortcomings of a few professors more charitable than wise, for it springs from the characteristic undergraduate point of view and standard of values. The ludicrous inaccuracy and distortion of student ideas of life and student judgment of men and things are perfectly well known, except in the one place, where such knowledge would be of use—among the students.

The undergraduate regards himself as a mature and important personage, who, for reasons of his own, has elected to live for a few years with some hundreds or thousands of personages almost as mature and important as himself, in a community where the conditions of life are as favorable as, and in some cases much more favorable than, those he has been accustomed to. The only drawback to this delightful scheme, with its great freedom from disciplinary restraint, lies in the fact that each of these communities is encumbered by a number of men, called the faculty, who are so far

advanced in age, or so biased in opinion, as to be utterly incapable of comprehending the ambitions of the full-blooded college man. As far as possible, the undergraduate ignores this superannuated body and applies himself with vigor and enthusiasm to the real affairs of life—the making of a team, the election to a club or fraternity, the acquisition of a reputation as a good fellow or a hard drinker, according to his tastes and talents—in short, to becoming a "big man" in some branch or other of the college activities. That expression "big man" nearly every one can remember having used at the boastful age when one dons his first trousers and scalps his sister's doll as a proof of manliness. "I'm not a baby, I'm a big man." Likewise, the undergraduate, "I'm not a callow boy with an unformed mind and a half-formed character, but I'm a big man with important matters on my mind."

Until the Almighty or President Wilson or somebody can make it plain to the student that what appears to be a big man from the campus point of view is really nothing but a small boy with an inflated ego, the "soft course" professor will still lecture to large and somnolent classes, and the undergraduate will continue to circulate noisily and violently in a sphere which approximates the mathematical definition of a point, "that which has position, but no magnitude." HERBERT JONES.

Princeton, N. J., March 10.

WORK FOR TARIFF REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After an interval of twelve years, Congress has met to revise the tariff. This rare occasion makes the opportunity for the most effective work of a decade by the Tariff Reform Committee of the Reform Club. The essential conditions surrounding the present revision are novel. For the first time we have a vigorous tariff reduction movement originated by Republicans and manufacturers, and spreading in the party of "protection." This movement, quite naturally, is not in accordance with our views in important particulars, and is apparently not yet strong enough to control the revision; but it makes a serious division among the protectionists. In this clash a great deal of damaging truth about "protection" can be brought out and used to widen the breach. This situation permits of forcing the discussion of the whole tariff question, in Congress and before the people, practically free from considerations of party. This, in itself, is a long step toward the just settlement of the question.

Moreover, the imperative need of a great and prompt increase in the revenue now compels the party of "protection" to recognize the insufficiency of any tariff, and to consider various plans for more direct taxation, as well as for increasing revenue by reduction in certain rates of duty. This makes the opportunity to show, in Congress and out, and likewise without partisanship, the advantages of more direct taxation over tariff taxation.

Under these exceptional circumstances this committee can accomplish, by reason of its experience and connections, and at comparatively small expense, a great deal toward the final breaking down of the protective system, by supplying the most effective facts, figures, arguments, and sug-

gestions to members of Congress and newspapers. Persistent and intelligent work on our part now can accomplish in a few months results that ordinarily would be the work of years. We need at once several thousand dollars for carrying on the work which has been already begun. We can supply a large number of country newspapers with convincing information in the interest of the consumer, in plates which they are ready and willing to use, if we can meet the necessary expense, and we ought to carry on this service largely just now. We ask all interested, therefore, to send a liberal contribution, to the fund of the Tariff Reform Committee. Checks should be made payable to the order of Louis Windmuller, treasurer, Reform Club, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

BYRON W. HOLT, Chairman.

New York, March 18.

POSTPONING INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So far as I have observed, no mention has been made in your columns or elsewhere of a simple solution of the inauguration question. A Constitutional amendment for so small a matter as a date would be almost "much ado about nothing." And yet the people want their pageant: certainly the tradesmen and hotels in Washington would miss it sorely. Why not adopt your plan for your proposed change of date to January 1, without any change of date at all? The President-elect shall take the oath in the Senate chamber without ceremony on March 4; but inauguration day shall be fixed for the last Wednesday of April or the first Wednesday of May.

This plan would make our inauguration correspond to the coronation of all monarchical nations. The new President's address on taking the oath, if any be needed, would be to Congress only, and his fuller declaration to the people would come all the better after two months in office.

WOLCOTT CALKINS.

Newton, Mass., March 12.

Notes.

The University of Chicago announces the following books as in press: "The Camerallists," by Albion W. Small; "English Poems: The Elizabethan and Caroline Periods," edited by Walter C. Bronson; "The Wars of Religion in France: The Huguenots, Catherine de' Medici, and Philip the Second, 1559-76," by James Westfall Thompson; "Christ and the Eastern Soul," by Charles Cuthbert Hall; "The Teachings of Jesus about the Future," by Henry Burton Sharman; "The Development of the Idea of Atonement," by Ernest D. Burton, John M. P. Smith, and Gerald B. Smith; and "Studies in Galilee," by Ernest W. G. Masterman.

Sir Leslie Stephen was almost as well known for his walking feats as for his literature, and it is an odd fact that his mountaineering book on "The Playground of Europe" has never been published in this country. Putnams, the regular publishers of Stephen's other work, are now making good this deficiency.

The recent duel between Messrs. Laing and France will attract attention to the announcement that Prof. Charles Roessler has undertaken to publish by subscription "*Jeanne d'Arc; Documentary Evidences of the Heroine and Christian Healer.*" His work, written in English, is based on investigation of the original documents and is said to throw new light on her story. His address is No. 30 Rue Le Marois, Auteuil, Paris.

A flood of light was thrown upon the history of Guiana—that vast country lying between the great rivers Amazon and Orinoco—by investigations made in connection with questions of boundary between Great Britain and Venezuela, and Great Britain and Brazil. In these papers Laurens Storm van Graavesende, the first Directeur-Général of the United Colonies of Demerara and Essequibo, loomed large. The letters of this old-time Kruger are soon to be published, in two volumes, by the Hakluyt Society, London. They will be edited by J. A. J. de Villiers of the British Museum, and C. A. Harris of the Colonial, both of whom rendered much help to the British government in the preparation of its cases for submission to the Arbitration Tribunal at Paris and to the King of Italy, respectively.

Published by Mitchell Hughes & Clarke of No. 140 Wardour Street, London, a magazine, *Caribbeana*, has recently appeared; future issues are to be made quarterly. The proprietor and editor is Vere Langford Oliver (a member of the West Indian branch of the New England family of the same name), who, a few years ago, published, in three volumes, a genealogical "*History of the Isle of Antigua.*" While family pedigrees fill much space in this magazine, with extracts from registers of births, marriages, and deaths, and copies of monumental inscriptions, the editor proposes to include legends and folk-lore, grants of land, and other deeds, old letters, book-plates, engravings, and a miscellaneous collection of reliques. The name Washington frequently appears in the first number of *Caribbeana*, especially on page 10, but there is nothing to connect it with the Virginian branch. Thomas Washington of Nevis, whose will was proved in London in 1719, mentions "my brother Simon of County Westmoreland."

Harper & Bros. have a new edition of Trevelyan's "*Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,*" giving the two volumes bound together. The paper is not all it should be, and the index is quite inadequate for a book abounding in striking opinions on a great variety of men and things. The advantage of the edition is an additional chapter at the end, containing Trevelyan's delightful disquisition on "*Macaulay's Marginal Notes*" published separately two years ago. Macaulay was one of the great readers to whom the margin of a book is as important as the letterpress, and to have his running comment on Shakespeare and Pope and Warburton and the classics is to be admitted into a curious intimacy with his ways of thinking.

An interesting contribution to our Revolutionary history has been made by a Harvard senior, Robert E. Peabody, in an account of the "*Naval Career of Captain John Manley of Marblehead,*" published in the Historical Collections of the Essex

Institute. Manley was the commander of one of the armed vessels which Washington sent out to intercept supplies for the British troops in Boston at the time of the siege. There has always been some doubt as to the status of these American vessels, whether they were privateers or "state cruisers." But original documents in the possession of the Beverly Historical Society show that "they were chartered at the Continental expense, but their captains were captains in the army of the United Colonies and their crews were soldiers from the army who still received their pay from the army paymaster." Manley's vessel was the *Lee*, a fishing schooner manned by fifty men from Col. John Glover's "Amphibious Regiment," so called because it was largely composed of fishermen and sailors. His greatest exploit was the capture of the *Nancy* with a cargo of military stores valued at £20,541. This prize was brought into Gloucester harbor on November 29, 1775, and on December 3 a long, heavily laden, flag-bedecked train of wagons bearing the cargo came rolling into the camp at Cambridge. An officer present writes:

To crown the glorious scene there intervened one truly ludicrous, which was old Put [Gen. Putnam] mounted on the large mortar which was fixed in its bed for the occasion, with a bottle of rum in his hand, standing parson to christen, while godfather Mifflin gave it the name of "Congress."

Manley took many other prizes during the war, and at its close in 1783 he was cruising in the West Indies. Being pursued by four British frigates, he unfortunately ran ashore on a sandbar and the British opened a tremendous fire. "For two whole days the American vessel withstood and returned this cannonading," and on the third day Manley succeeded in floating his ship and escaping. He fired thirteen guns as a farewell defiance, probably the last gunshots of the war. Little has been written about this "father of our navy," and this account is largely the result of the examination of original documents, American archives, and contemporaneous newspapers.

The "*Historical Catalogue of the Members of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Rhode Island,*" compiled and edited by the pastor emeritus, the Rev. Henry Melville King, with the aid of Charles Field Wilcox, is a volume of no little genealogical and biographical value. It lists and indexes over 4,000 names of persons who have been members of the church since 1775. There is also a brief outline of the history of this parish, which has played so large a part in the development of the Baptist denomination in America. The volume contains numerous pictures of the building itself, of the ministers, and of others who have been active in the work of the church. The printing has been done by F. H. Townsend, Providence.

"Germany in the Later Middle Ages (1200-1500)," by William Stubbs, edited by Arthur Hassall (Longmans, Green, & Co.), is a second and final instalment of Dr. Stubbs's lectures on the History of Germany in the Middle Ages. What we had to say about the first volume (*Nation*, October 22, 1908, p. 388) applies with little change to this. Mr. Hassall's preface, or rather advertisement, promises "immense pleasure" to all students of the middle ages from its perusal. If this promise is realized, we can

only say that the English historical student is easily pleased. He will find here a bibliography of a dozen general and more or less relevant books, a rambling narrative of events, any amount of "character sketching," and very little else. From an author who is advertised as the English historian most "eminently qualified to undertake the task of describing the history of Germany, and indeed of Europe during this period of transition," we might at least expect some little account of the fundamental changes in the German Constitution which mark the period here treated. There is a shabby summary of the Golden Bull without explanations; but the Kurverein at Rense is not mentioned, the *Sachsenspiegel* is not referred to, and the whole epoch-making reign of Ludwig the Bavarian is dealt with on the basis of personal motive and with only the slightest indication of its constitutional importance. Worst of all, the really moving forces of German public life in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the immense development of cities, the expansion of trade, and the whole eastward movement of civilization in consequence are touched upon only by the way and without bringing out their organic value as factors in the national structure. Equally flimsy is the presentation of what Dr. Stubbs still calls the "reforms of Maximilian I." Except for one obscure sentence, the delighted English student would certainly be led to imagine that Maximilian was a popular leader in political reforms instead of being compelled, as he was, to grant these reforms as the price of men and money to carry out dynastic ambitions distinctly in opposition to German interests. Altogether, if we were compelled to choose, we should certainly prefer any one of several historical manuals to this "brilliant" presentation.

One is in doubt whether to treat P. F. William Ryan's "*Queen Anne and Her Court*" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) as history or fiction. The characters and events are historical, and the facts except in some minor points are correctly presented; but withal Mr. Ryan suffers his imagination to riot so luxuriantly in pallid cheeks, quivering eyelids, and palpitating hearts; he knows so precisely the inner feelings of every actor and the stage setting of every act, that one seems to be reading a novel, and no tame one at that. With this method, if it were artistically and frankly carried out, we should have no reason to quarrel; and with all his faults Mr. Ryan does succeed in giving life to the Queen and her courtiers. The scene at St. James's when Abigail Hill was married to Mr. Masham in Arbuthnot's chambers, and the scene at Kensington when the Duchess Sarah thrust herself upon the Queen while Prince George lay dying, are, for instance, effective bits of writing, in a genre midway between history and fiction. But for the most part Mr. Ryan's hysterical English and gushing sentimentality arouse a feeling of opposition in the reader's mind, and make the whole work seem more unreal than necessary.

"It is indeed strange," as Joseph Fort Newton remarks in his biography of "David Swing, Poet-Preacher" (Chicago: The Unity Publishing Company), "that so far there has been no adequate record of Swing's life, no serious appraisal of his ministry, no attempt to set him in due or-

der among our teachers of faith." He was not, perhaps, a fighter, but one cannot but commend the delicacy of his conscientious scruples. Convinced that he could no longer hold to the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, he refused to occupy an ambiguous position, to say one thing while he really meant another; and consequently he resigned. It is not without significance that Dr. Patton's victim was always spoken of as "Professor" Swing, a title which clung to him from his early connection with Miami College. His kinship was with Erasmus, not with John Knox. Mr. Newton has done well in recounting his life, with sympathetic portrayal of his intellectual qualities, but it is difficult to see how Mr. Newton can say that Mr. Swing "was a man of such high and tender humanity, of such unique and persuasive beauty of soul, of personality so opulent, engaging, and lovable, that one finds it difficult to form a deliberate and calm estimate of him." The portrait has been drawn with care, with intelligent analysis of its subject's mental and spiritual qualities, but affection and personal enthusiasm have often pushed the pencil.

Richard DeBarry's "The Land of Promise" (Longmans, Green & Co.) has for its sub-title the alluring phrase, "an account of the material and spiritual unity of America." Of all the recent writers who have committed to print their "impressions" of the United States, none, certainly, has outdone Mr. DeBarry in high-sounding rhetoric, or rushed with more breathless enthusiasm at the task, weakly imagined by some timid souls to be a rather serious one, of determining our exact place in the social, philosophical, and æsthetic universe. Of course, he saw Niagara, "a drama of that liquid cosmic energy which sculpts continents"; and Colorado, "a model of all the freedoms of humanity," whatever that may mean; and "the vast Western Shrine of the Infinitudes," commonly referred to as the Rocky Mountains; and New York, "the pictorialized embodiment of the newly intercommercialized mankind"; and Boston, dedicated to the "unique office of framing and fashioning the mythology of the present mind of America." Racing across the country from Chicago to San Francisco and back to New England, he casts sweeping glances at our valleys and plains, wonders at our newspapers, patronizes our schools and colleges, sniffs the faint aroma of our religions, admires our restless and masterful energy, apologizes for our political failings, and adores our women: in short, does all the things that a well-bred and ready-to-wear tourist is expected to do, and dresses it all up in catchy phrases and sententious generalizations that sparkle like the tinsel armor of the stage warrior. If there be among us any one so mean, so low, so debased as not to be vividly conscious every moment of his waking life that we are the greatest, busiest, finest, and most interesting people on the face of the earth, let him read Mr. DeBarry's book.

"More Japonico: A Critique of the Effect of an Idea—Communityism—on the Life and History of a People," by James L. De Benneville (Yokohama: The Japan Gazette Press), represents one more of the many recent attempts at an interpretation of Japan. The author, a resident of the

Far East, writes with a familiarity with conditions in Japan that gives no little weight to his statements. But that Japan shows an inherent propensity to extinguish the individual in the communal mass, is not altogether a new theory. In the incessant and carefully designed efforts of the Japanese authorities to repress individualism to the advantage of the family and the state, the writer sees the prolific source of many of the evils that retard the social and moral progress of the nation.

The dangers of individualism are strenuously preached from every official pulpit. . . . There remain many prejudices in Japanese thinking. The greatest of these is the prejudice against the individual, still found among the mass of the Japanese. They can appreciate the material progress of Europe, without seeing that at the root of it lies Europe's individualism, and that their own history is stamped by the lack of it.

It is contended that the main differences between the East and West are accounted for by the "comparatively recent and greater plasticity" of the latter peoples, and by their "elastic use of the apparatus of thought." More explicitly the theory is that what one finds in the East is merely a distortion or stunting of a perfectly natural process which in the West has had free development for centuries. The Occidental is advised to bear in mind that in his contact with things Japanese he is being transported back to the England and France of the thirteenth century. The author of this volume seems convinced that the wisest course for Japan is to reverse her present drift toward communalism, and to encourage a wholesomely developed individualism capable of leading the nation to accept the highest to which human civilization has attained. He sees some hope of the triumph of this idea; but it is not very pronounced.

William Guild Howard's learned treatise entitled "Ut Pictura Poesis" (reprinted from the Publications of the Modern Language Association), reminds us how long the battle of the books has been raging over Horace's innocent dictum. The question as to the respective limits of the arts of the poet and the painter, handed down by Aristotle, occupied some of the greatest minds of the renaissance, and resulted in a bulky literature, dogmatic mostly rather than æsthetic, whose pretensions finally gave way to the logical processes of Winckelmann and Lessing. Nevertheless, as Mr. Howard points out, we get a better conception of "Laokoon" if we regard it as "the descendant of a long and not ignoble ancestry." It is the purpose of his historical investigation to show in detail how great is the indebtedness, alike of the artist and the art critic, to those who centuries ago, crude as were their theories, formulated practical rules long since adopted by masters in their respective crafts. Much of what, for instance, Leonardo da Vinci laid down in his "Libro di Pittura" as the result of his scientific study of painting, has remained common artistic property, though, as Mr. Howard says, poetry fares as ill in his remarkable parallel between the sister arts as does painting in Lessing's "Laokoon." Dante and Petrarch, with many lesser lights, confused the terms of poetry and painting, while Dryden's curious "Parallel,"

though without originality, loomed large as, in Saintsbury's language, "the first writing at any length by a very distinguished Englishman of letters on the subject of pictorial art."

In the eleventh volume of the Harvard Oriental Series, which has just appeared, Prof. C. R. Lanman has introduced a new feature which is likely to awaken the interest of Sanskrit scholars. By a free use of the *virāma* and other devices he has presented a text separated and subdivided into individual words easily distinguished by the eye, thus lightening materially the labor of interpretation. For beginners this is indubitably an excellent plan, and probably older Sanskritists will admit its utility, even if it is rather shocking to the reader accustomed to the long unhyphenated compounds of the ordinary text. A preface replete with instructive and amusing examples of texts not furnished with visible aids, even in English, beguiles the reader to give involuntary assent to the practical advantage of the new system. The work selected for this volume is the collection of Hindu tales known as the *Panchatantra*, in the *textus oratorius* of Purnabhadra, which appears here for the first time in the original, edited by Dr. Hertel, who some years ago discovered the oldest recension of the text, known as the *Tantrākhyāyika*. The arrangement of the "tale within a tale" is clearly indicated in this edition by different types and waving lines on the margin, so that the various stages of "emboxments" may be easily followed. No better book for arrangement and for matter could be chosen as a first Sanskrit reader. The fact that it gives a critical text for the first time makes the volume indispensable to the advanced scholar. The brief glossary at the end of the book supplements existing lexicons with a list of over a hundred rare or new words.

Of the articles which make up the last number of the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland (Vol. XLII, Fourth Series, Edinburgh: Neil & Co.) the most considerable are Fred. R. Coles's "Stone Circles in Perthshire—North Eastern Section" and the account by James E. Cree of a prehistoric kitchen-midden and superimposed mediæval stonefloor found at Tusculum, North Berwick. William Bannerman presents notes on the Newton Stone and the Ogham inscriptions of the Lunnasting and Golspie stones, and the Rev. Angus Mackay discusses "Sunderland and Caithness in Ancient Geography and Maps." Among the contributions on the mediæval and modern period, the most interesting are Lord Guthrie's "Mary Stuart and Roscoff"; "The Churchyards of Prestonpans," by Alan Reid; "Boyamund's Valuation of Ecclesiastical Benefices in the Archdeaconry of Lothian (1274-5)," by the Rt. Rev. John Dowden; "A French Mission to Scotland in 1543," by William Moir Bryce; and the Rev. James Hewson's "Bands or Covenants in Scotland, with a List of Extant Copies of the Scottish Covenants."

In "The Administration of Public Education in the United States" (The Macmillan Co.), Prof. Samuel T. Dutton and David Snedden of Columbia University have done a valuable piece of work; for they have shown the evolution of the organization of public education, its present condition, and

its tendencies. That public education has grown to enormous dimensions in the United States is revealed in the fact that more than one-fifth of all public expenditures during the year 1905-6 were for this purpose. Whether value commensurate with this great outlay shall be returned to the country depends no less upon an efficient and wise administration than upon a correct apprehension of the educational process. Indeed, it is probably true that the most important problems to be solved in increasing the efficiency of the schools are those of organization and administration. Hence, the scholarly and very comprehensive volume now before us is a distinct contribution to the literature of education; and it should aid further progress.

Two large volumes, "Moral Instruction and Training in Schools" (Longmans, Green, & Co.), present the result of an international inquiry set on foot in the autumn of 1906 by a number of persons interested in educational work in England. The inquiry itself was extended to the leading countries of Europe, the chief English colonies, Japan, and the United States; and these findings should focus attention upon the subject and obtain for it a more important place in the schools. For though there is no general agreement as to method, all who contribute to the report admit that the opportunities for moral education in the schools are not fully understood or utilized. On the side of moral training the factors of greatest influence are the personality of the teacher; the corporate life of the schools, its building and surroundings, its traditions, its discipline, its organized games; and the curriculum through which in part the personality of the teacher must make itself felt. These elements should be so organized as to develop more directly a good moral character. As to moral instruction—whether it should be direct or incidental, from what source its materials should be sought, whether or not it should have the sanction of religion—there are many opinions. Most observers in all the countries represented were, however, in accord as to the value of direct ethical instruction if given at the right time and in the right way. A necessary condition of success is agreed to be the preparation of the teacher for this most responsible phase of his work. The report is edited for the committee by M. E. Sadler.

"Memories of Brown: Traditions and Recollections Gathered from Many Sources" has been published in Providence by the *Brown Alumni Magazine Company*. The editors are Robert Perkins Brown, '71; Henry Robinson Palmer, '90; Harry Lyman Koopman, the university librarian; and Clarence Saunders Brigham, '99. The volume contains nearly five hundred pages, well indexed, and there are numerous illustrations. The interest of the book is primarily for graduates of Brown, for whom the personalia will have a significance that men of other colleges can hardly be expected to discover. Among the names in the list of contributors are those of the late Prof. Albert Harkness, George William Curtis (who never was graduated), President J. B. Angell of the University of Michigan, the late President E. H. McGill of Swarthmore, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, President B. I. Wheeler of the

University of California, and President Faunce.

It seems strange that there should have been no complete verse translation of Empedocles in English, but if we have waited for this work it has at last been well done by Dr. William Ellery Leonard ("The Fragments of Empedocles"; Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Co.). The full text is given with the translation, and a sufficient apparatus of notes explains the meaning of the more crabbed passages. In some of the most poetical lines Dr. Leonard has had to encounter the rivalry of Matthew Arnold in his "Empedocles," who was hampered by no such necessity of exactness as binds the present translator. Apart from any such unfair test as that, Dr. Leonard has succeeded admirably in reproducing something of the oracular tone and *seva indignatio* of the great poet-philosopher. The second fragment may be taken as a fair example:

For narrow through their members scattered ways
Of knowing lie. And many a vile surprise
Blunts soul and keen desire. And having viewed
Their little share of life, with briefest fates,
Like smoke they are lifted up and flit away,
Believing only what each chances on,
Hither and thither driven; yet they boast
The larger vision of the whole and all.
But thuswise never shall these things be seen,
Never be heard by men, nor seized by mind;
And thou, since hither now withdrawn apart,
Shalt learn—no more than mortal ken may span.

We congratulate the author on accomplishing well a desirable piece of work.

Prof. Edmund Goetze of Dresden has found in the Frankfurt City Library ten specimens of Hans Sachs, which had been regarded as lost. Though mentioned in old bibliographies, they were not known to be in any public library. They consist of pieces printed in Nuremberg, two occupying only two pages each, and the other eight, in booklets of eight or ten pages, illustrated with wood cuts. Goetze will publish his finds in his twenty-six-volume edition of the works of Hans Sachs.

"Zeitiges und Streitiges: Briefe eines Schulmannes an eine Mutter," by Hugo Gruber (Leipzig: Dürr), is an interesting and instructive collection of essays on pedagogical problems, dealing largely with the education of girls and women.

The eleventh volume of the *Quellenbuch*, published by Felix Dahn, under the general title, *Die Könige der Germanen*, has now been issued (Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel), as "Die Burgunden." The special purpose of this series is indicated by the sub-title, "Das Wesen des ältesten Königums der germanischen Stämme und seine Geschichte bis zur Auflösung des karolingischen Reiches." One more volume, on the Lombards, is announced to complete this set.

Vol. II of the "Geschichte des Frühjahrsfeldzuges 1813 und seine Vorgeschichte" (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn), by Lieutenant-General von Caemmerer, will be found helpful to students of the events of Napoleon's campaign from the end of April to the treaty of peace. There are fifteen sketches and three maps in the work, which is founded on material in government archives.

"Aus guter alter Zeit: Berliner Bilder und Erinnerungen," by Alexander Meyer (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), is

one of those charming little volumes of gossip reminiscence which only an old soldier can produce, and which those whose lives reach back a few decades can best appreciate. Meyer was an *echter Berliner*, and knew the city long before it became a heap of enormous tenements and flats, with elevated and underground railways. A student of the old university, he has not only seen the changes in Berlin student life which shock the young *Kandidat* coming from the provinces, but he remembers Neander well, and talks of him as if he had met him but yesterday. The volume concludes with a number of reminiscences of Bismarck in his relation to Berlin, not the least amusing of which is the story of the Iron Chancellor entering a book store and promising the proprietor immunity if he would sell a caricature of him that the police had *strengst verboten!*

The newest addition to the series *Der alte Orient* is Dr. Otto Weber's "Eduard Glaser's Forschungen in Südarabien," in which the archaeological researches of this pioneer and pathfinder in South Arabia are instructively described. A good picture of Glaser accompanies the booklet (Leipzig: Hinrichs).

J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, announces an important publication in the new work of Prof. Hugo Gressmann, entitled "Altorientalische Texte und Bilder zum Alten Testament." It is the author's purpose, first, to give a purely objective and scientific presentation of all the extra-Biblical material needed for the interpretation of the Old Testament; and, secondly, by means of explanatory notes, to render this material intelligible to the reader. The texts, chiefly from Assyrian, Babylonian, and Egyptian sources, are translated.

Prof. Wilamowitz-Möllendorff has decided to devote the sum of money raised in honor of his sixtieth birthday to publishing editions of Basilius and Gregory of Nyssa. The work on the text will be done by Dr. Giorgio Pasquale of Rome.

Of the large and critical life of Jerome prepared by Prof. Georg Grützmacher of the University of Heidelberg, and published by Trowitzsch & Sohn, Berlin, under the title "Hieronymus: Eine biographische Studie zur alten Kirchengeschichte," the third volume, discussing the life, times, and writings of the great Latin church father from 400 to 420 A. D., has now appeared. In chronological matters the author agrees almost throughout with the recent work of Brochet, "St. Jérôme et ses ennemis." Very interesting are Professor Grützmacher's discussions of Jerome's commentaries on Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and the Apocalypse, as also the ample use made of the results of the research of Roman Catholic scholars. At least one more volume is to follow.

"Cavalleria e Umanesimo," the twentieth volume of the complete works of Giosuè Carducci, is announced by the publishers, Zanichelli of Bologna. Its contents, wholly reprints of magazine articles and introductions to volumes now out of print, treat of society and literature in the middle ages and renaissance. Its range may be inferred from the titles of its essays: "Gli Aleramici," "Galanterie cavalleresche del secolo XII e XIII," "La Poesia e l'Italia nella quarta crociata," "Della Ecerinidi

e di Alberto Mussato," "Cino da Pistoia ed altri rimatori del secolo XIV," "Delle Poesie toscane di Messer Angelo Poliziano."

William Wirt Howe, an eminent lawyer of New Orleans, and twice president of the American Bar Association, died March 17, at the age of seventy-six. Judge Howe had delivered lectures on law at Yale, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. He was the author of a "Municipal History of New Orleans" and of "Studies in the Civil Law."

The Rev. John William Jones of Richmond, Va., a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia during the war and chaplain-general of the United Confederate Veterans since the founding of that order, has died in his seventy-second year. He wrote a number of books from his recollection of war days, including: "Personal Reminiscences," "Anecdotes and Letters of R. E. Lee," "Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume," "Christ in the Camp," and "Jefferson Davis Memorial Volume."

A CLAIMANT TO THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

Thomas Pownall, M.P., F.R.S.; Governor of Massachusetts Bay, Author of the Letters of Junius. With a Supplement Comparing the Colonies of Kings George III and Edward VII. By Charles A. W. Pownall. London: Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles.

It was an excellent idea to bring forward a man who played an important, but almost forgotten, part in America during the Seven Years' War and in the Parliamentary battles against Bute and Grafton and North. Pownall was born in 1722, the younger son of John Pownall, who had a good estate at Saltfleetby on the Lincolnshire coast. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1743, and then went up to London to take advantage of the patronage of his elder brother who was Secretary of the Board of Trade and Plantations. He was thus early introduced into colonial affairs, and in 1753 came over to New York as secretary to Sir Danvers Osborne, the new Governor. He quickly made himself familiar with the political and material conditions prevailing here, penetrating shrewdly into the causes of discontent with the mother country, and foreseeing the nature of the conflict then imminent with the French. In his scheme for a general plan of operations, drawn up by special command of the Duke of Cumberland, he analyzes unerringly the difference in the attitude of the Indians towards the English and French. In 1756 he was back in London consulting with Pitt on the measures necessary for stopping the maladministration of the war. The next year he was gazetted "to be Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Massachusetts Bay in New England, in the room of William Shirley, esq." His tenure of that office for three years is a part of American history. He returned to Eng-

land in 1760; was appointed in 1761 First Commissary-General to the English-Hanoverian army, then serving under Prince Ferdinand against the French on the Rhine; entered Parliament in 1767, and served in the opposition for fourteen years without due reward. The close of his life was passed in the pleasant pursuits of antiquarianism. He died in 1805.

These events are related by the present Mr. Pownall, who belongs to a collateral branch of the family, with a knowledge based on a full study of the documents and of Gov. Pownall's published works. It must be added that he shows no special skill in the art of narration, and that he swells his book to an uncomfortable size by entirely unnecessary excursions into American history. Of the political comparison of his past hero with his present hero, Mr. Chamberlain, nothing need here be said.

To most readers the heart of the work will be in the two chapters which elaborate an old argument* to prove that Pownall wrote the "Letters of Junius." It may be admitted at once that the circumstantial evidence for this theory is curiously neat. We go with the author in never having been convinced that Sir Philip Francis was the man; we even think that he has not stated the case against Francis as strongly as it might be put. There are no doubt many coincidences that point to this authorship, and there is the testimony of Mr. Chabot, an expert, to the effect that the handwriting of Junius is that of Francis disguised.† One may be more skeptical of such testimony than is Mr. Pownall, who grants the point, and even if the hand was that of Francis, he may have acted as amanuensis for another than Gov. Pownall. Against Francis must be weighed the facts that he was a comparatively poor man when Woodfall offered Junius half the profits from the sale of the collected letters, that he was notoriously grasping in money matters, and was in no respect a man to refuse such an offer in the tone of proud independence. There is further the direct statement of Lord Shelburne, in 1805, that he knew "all about the writing and production of those letters," and that the grounds of secrecy were then "removed by death." Francis was living at this date, and, notwithstanding Lord Shelburne's character for assuming a mysterious omniscience, it is hard to believe he would have made such a statement without some acquaintance with the circumstances. Another argument can be drawn from the letters them-

*Junius Discovered. By Frederick Griffin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1854.

†Given in *The Handwriting of Junius*, by the Hon. Edward Twistleton, London, 1871. Charles Chabot was the expert in the great Roupall and Tichborne trials.

selves. Though politically they agree with the opinions of Francis, they have all the tone, especially those of early date, of having proceeded from one of high social position rather than from a needy clerk in the War Office. It is clear, moreover, that their inspiration was not primarily political, but personal, and it does not appear that Francis had any cause for such rancorous hatred of Grafton, Granby, and Bedford as forms the chief animus of the correspondence. Nor is it conceivable that a man of the exorbitant vanity known to be characteristic of Francis would have failed to rivet his name to that of Junius by some definite posthumous testimony. That must be plain to any one who has read of Francis in such memoirs of the day as the recently published *Journal of Lady Holland*. His blustering denial of the connection at one time, together with his attempt to intimate his authorship to his wife without committing himself to a direct avowal, would be wholly within his character if he hankered after an honor which he was afraid boldly to assume.

Possibly this last argument has lost part of its force since Junius and his identity have ceased to be a stirring question. It is necessary to go back to the writers of the day and see how tremendously Junius loomed up as a power to be hated and feared and admired—to read, for example, *Wraxall's* account of the effect of the letters on the Duke of Grafton, who for several days after the appearance of the avenger's name in the *Public Advertiser* would be so disturbed as to be unfit for the work of his office; or to hear Burke in the House of Commons belittle himself and his friends as vermin beside this "mighty boar of the forest," whose attack upon the King made his "blood run cold." And the letters themselves, if one will go through them afresh, still have their power upon the mind, although King and court whom they attacked are now, like Junius himself, *nominis umbra*. They do not impress one exactly as the work of a specially trained writer in the ordinary sense of the word; when they abandon their cue of hatred they often fall pretty flat. One or two tricks of rhetoric they use with monotonous but deadly effect; chiefly that of ostensibly praising while really condemning. From this they change to a direct and malignant invective, which seems to flow from a sorely wounded and brooding heart. Above all, Junius had the art of moving the imagination by the cover of anonymity. "At present," he says in a private letter to Wilkes, "there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions. I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate, and darkness, we are told, is one source of the sublime." It is this terror

of the unknown that speaks in his threat upon the Duke of Bedford:

If, from the profoundest contempt, I should ever rise into anger, he should soon find that all I have already said of him was lenity and compassion.

It is the same terror that pervades his almost inhuman claim upon the future when torturing the Duke of Grafton:

I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal.

And it is that again which added to the shuddering indignation of his enemies when he coupled the tenure of his influence with that of the Bible.

In the end, we must look to the personality of Junius to discover the man, rather than to his political views, which may be attached to a number of different names. And it is just here that the attribution of the letters to Gov. Pownall quite fails. The politics of Junius may have been those of Pownall, there may be some curious circumstantial evidence to connect the two, but the disappointment of Pownall in his career is no adequate cause of such devouring personal bitterness. Nor does the known temperament of Pownall at all fit. In Massachusetts he was rather censured for the levity of his manners, and his many acknowledged writings show no mark of this inveterate malignancy. A comparison of his style, too, is against the theory. His biographer prints two extracts side by side to support his case:

JUNIUS.

But it has pleased God to give us a Ministry and a Parliament who are neither to be persuaded by argument nor instructed by experience.

POWNALL.

This corruption sunk to ignorance, and inspired with insolence, the nation and Providence gave it leaders and governors exactly suited to lead it to its just punishment.

The parallel is deadly. The slow style of Pownall is exactly not the language of Junius.

If a conjecture on our part—not a new one—will be tolerated, it is that the mighty boar is no other than Lord George Sackville. We cannot here go into all the details that lead us to this view; they may for the most part be found collected in George Coventry's "Critical Enquiry," published in 1825; they were no doubt also in the mind of Woodfall when he admitted that Sackville was the only person he had ever suspected. Briefly, however, it may be said that the political views and affiliations of Sackville are confirmatory. Though not a professional author, he was famed for his skill with the pen; his known letters are pointed; his speeches are described by contemporaries in language suitable to the writing of Junius. In particular, we would call attention to his extraordinary speech at the opening of Parliament in

January, 1770, with its insistence on the rights of the people:

The minds of the people are alarmed, and they have high expectations from the deliberations of this house. . . .

Their all is at stake; they apprehend that is in danger, and therefore they have a right ["have a right" is a favorite phrase of Junius] to demand security. The powerful influence in this House is too visible. The people see it, and dread it. But a snare is now laid to involve our Sovereign in the gulph of his corrupt administration; to draw him in as a party. . . .

But the people are in agitation throughout the whole British Empire. . . .

The tone is only heightened, not changed, in the famous letter to the King printed a few days previously, and the somewhat unusual emphasis on the word people points forcibly to the same use throughout the letters and to their brave Dedication to the English Nation.

The character of Sackville, as it may be read in contemporary records, suits better than that of any other of the high-placed politicians. His reserve and vigor created about him an atmosphere of suspicion. His motives for writing were such as would forever have prevented self-revelation. Nor is it easy, on any other ground than that of remorse, to account for his strange summoning of Mansfield just before his death and for the remarkable scene recorded by Richard Cumberland. "There was a death-like character in his countenance," writes Cumberland, "that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield, in a manner that I did not quite expect, for it [Mansfield's countenance] had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shewn, and less, perhaps, of other feelings, than a friend [he was not a friend], invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been frightened from his propriety." Sackville, we read, apologized for any wrong he had done Mansfield in the past, and the great judge departed, as if eager to be released from a painful situation.

Above all, Sackville had such a motive for personal rancor against Grafton and Granby and the court as cannot be found in any other statesmen of the day. In 1758 he was appointed lieutenant-general of the British army and sworn as member of the Privy Council. He accompanied the Duke of Marlborough to Germany, and on the death of the Duke at Munster took command of the forces. The next year he was present at the battle of Minden fought by Prince Ferdinand. For reasons not necessary to consider here, he was charged with cowardice by the prince, and by Lieut.-Col. Fitzroy, brother to the Duke of Grafton, and his command was turned over to Lord Granby. He returned to England, demanded a court-martial which he obtained with difficulty, was pronounced guilty of disobedience and unfit to serve in any military capacity,

and was forbidden the court. Besides this affair, there was with the house of Bedford a family quarrel arising out of the marriage of the Dutchess of Bedford's sister with Lord John Sackville. Junius hated Mansfield for the libel suit against Woodfall, and in December, 1770, Lord George Sackville delivered a speech on a motion to inquire into the administration of criminal justice, which treats Mansfield in a vein of sarcasm that is *aut Junius aut diabolus*—or both. But the charge of cowardice with its intolerable consequences, against which all regular appeal had failed, would be the chief motive of Lord George for assuming the rôle of concealed justice. For ten years, from 1759 to 1769, the bitterness of that disgrace rankled in his breast, and then prompted the blind and crushing blow, the more bewildering because the wrath of the personal avenger was disguised in the political rage of the nation. Seeing that long-delayed and fatal stroke, we think of the words of "Mnemon," presumably no other than Junius himself, in regard to the temper of the British people:

Their slowness to passion has also another advantage. No wise man will lightly venture to do them a real injury. Their anger is not suddenly kindled, nor easily extinguished; it is dark and gloomy; it is nourished to a gigantic size and vigor, under a silent meditation on their wrongs, until at last it arrives at such a mature and steady vehemence, as becomes terrible indeed.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Story of Thyrsa. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The distinction of Alice Brown's writing has always been preëminently its simplicity; and from that stronghold she has not departed in this book, despite the complexity of type that she portrays. An almost austere restraint of style gives the work a peculiar charm, especially shown in the figure of Barton Gorse, which is of singular beauty, and drawn with the delicacy of silver-point. The story in itself is neither new nor pleasant; the impulsive visionary girl, "too avid of earth's bliss," and the unscrupulous youth, caught together in the hand of circumstance, and the long years of repentance and expiation, in which not even for the sake of her child will Thyrsa shrink her punishment, but like that other whose story her own recalls, does much to rob her *Scarlet Letter* of its shame by the spirit in which she bears it. The interest of plot, however, is subordinated to that of the characters and their reaction upon one another. The situations are rich in suggestion beyond what is actually developed. The conflict of will between Thyrsa and her son is the concrete representation of mysticism confronting

pragmatism; and in the few pregnant pages that describe Thyrsa's last vigil beside her one true and unselfish lover, we find in the wisdom that comes to him upon the threshold of death, what is unmistakably the author's own theory of the solvent that shall reconcile the best of both doctrines—the ministering love that walks upon the "paths above the paths."

Henry of Navarre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This "Romance of August, 1572," is confined to the brief period between the entrance of the merry Gascon into Paris to claim his bride, and the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew. Henry of Navarre and his faithful follower, De Mouhy, enter the city unknown, and not yet expected, and overhear enough in the busy streets to make the King say:

You see, my dear De Mouhy, I was not unwise in my fancy to learn something of how the wind blew in this dear Paris, before launching myself in the teeth of a gale. The story closes with Henry and De Mouhy saved from death, and side by side with their respective lady-loves, watching the dawn of a new day from the windows of the Louvre.

The never-failing lure of an historical romance is a good deal like that of a play where there are employed "real" horses, "real" automobiles, "real" swimming tanks. Whether this is because of the innate love of truth in the human breast, we need not inquire. But the fact remains that, be the romance good, bad, or indifferent, it acquires dignity in the public eye from dealing with "real" names. The present one is much better than bad, and yet not conspicuously good, being constructed according to a thoroughly conventional pattern. One asks in the historic novel for something less sentimental in style than the inveterate commonplaces here congregated—the perpetual soft-white hands, the lustrous black hair cascading over the shoulders, the laughing gray eyes and smiling blue ones, and the incessant Béarnais smile, bringing together hooked nose and curling chin. In fine, for all the grim and gory topic, the manner is that of pink and white fiction. But the image of the time is vivid, and when all is said, an hour, even an undistinguished hour, in the presence of a colossal event, is better than many another thousand.

Catherine's Child. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Let it be said at the outset for the sake of the apprehensive reader that Mrs. de la Pasture has here curbed her instinct to marry her heroines to men old enough to be their grandfathers. Philippa's choice is merely old enough to have married her mother—barely twice

her own age, in fact. Catherine, it will be recalled, made one of the grandfather-matches; and a singularly chilly old prig of a grandfather he was. Philippa, Catherine's child, is, barring her age and sex, just like him. It is, however, Philippa, not Catherine, that the very attractive David, with the usual fatuousness of the story-book lover, aspires to. As he is very much the kind of man Catherine herself should have been allowed to marry in the first place, one feels a little indignant that her creator should bring her so near a chance of happiness, and yet pass her by. But so it is: the chit of a daughter wins the prize, and sweet Catherine (one's indignation shows how real and engaging her sweetness is) is left in her early thirties to be nousekeeper and grandmother for the rest of her life:

The belief that belongs to youth, that life must be holding some definite prize in reserve—some wonderful happening that time will presently reveal—gradually died away, and she asked herself, "Is this all?" with the wistfulness of middle age; yet realizing her destiny at last, with a submission to Fate that held more of amusement than regret.

The old Lady Sarah, who will be recalled as the chief ornament of "Catherine of Calais," is still alive, still irrepressible and shocking to the younger and more proper generation. The terrible old lady seems to be a leading figure just now in our fiction. Lady Sarah has the full piquancy of the rôle. We doubtless enjoy as novel from her reverend lips much good-natured cynicism that would sound commonplace enough in the speech of a middle-aged man of the world; yet she has a savor of her own. There is in this book, besides, a delightful and touching fragment of a child's diary, which, like Lady Sarah's tirades, reassures one that, however this novelist's humor may lapse in the conduct of her love-affairs, it undoubtedly exists.

The Passing of the Third Floor Back. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The story in this collection which first draws the attention of the reader is naturally that which gives the volume its name. Dramatized, and staged more or less successfully by Forbes Robertson during the present London season, it attracted some comment by a supposed resemblance to "The Servant in the House." The angel whom Mrs. Pennycherly entertains unawares in her third floor back, is the incarnation of the Better Self from which each person who meets his eyes finds it impossible to escape. It is a fine conception, delicately handled, but it is easy to see how its subtle charm might be lost if expanded and fitted with dramatic machinery.

Two other stories in the book deserve

more than passing notice—"The Philosopher's Joke" and "The Love of Ulrich Nebendahl"—both of which are good work in a different vein from that which has hitherto been associated with Mr. Jerome's name. "The Philosopher's Joke," a plunge into the occult, tells us that, were people given a chance to repeat their lives in the full consciousness of all to which their actions would lead, the old motives would still be strong enough to sway them in the face of foreknown disaster. The comforting conclusion is that the average man meets his problems as they come, to the best of his ability, and consequently, in retracing his steps, would find it inconsistent with his ideals of conduct to choose another course, even should expediency dictate such a change. The story of Ulrich Nebendahl, unable to give his whole heart to any woman, and finding his love at last in the village for which he sacrifices his life, strikes that chord of tenderness which Mr. Jerome has shown us by snatches in "Paul Kever."

The other stories of the book are of no especial distinction, but these that we have cited will suffice to endear it to those who have wished to go deeper than laughter with this modern master of fooling.

Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology. By S. Schechter. Pp. 384. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

Those who expect to find in this volume a broad, systematic, and exhaustive study of rabbinic theology—in other words, a formal work which shall discuss its origin and development on the plan of any elaborate treatise on Christian theology—will be disappointed. As the author modestly states in his preface, he aims at "no philosophical exposition of the body of doctrine of the synagogue," but merely at a presentation of rabbinic opinion on a number of theological topics. He has been careful, too, to avoid too much interpretation or paraphrase, with its obvious dangers, and prefers wisely to let the rabbis speak their own thoughts, gathered with tireless industry and scholarly exactness from a wide domain, and duly classified and arranged. He has written, then, a kind of source-book, whose preparation required no little sober discrimination, due as much to the immense mass of evidence that was to be examined and sifted as to frequent divergency or conflict of opinion, which often leaves in doubt what was the real authoritative doctrine of Israel. The difficulty is greatly increased by the fact that the literature under treatment stretches over such varied ages and climes. At times, too, it must be confessed, a rabbinical text is a cryptogram, and the riddle is hard to read, with a different meaning according to

the interpreter's point of view. To a task of this magnitude, the author, who for a few years has been president of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, brings broad and thorough erudition, a certain enthusiasm for his subject which, while usually held in check, gives warmth and coloring to an otherwise sterile disquisition, and a style remarkably clear, compact, and pungent. What might become in the hands of one less admirably equipped a mere bundle of fragments, an encyclopædic epitome of opinions, of value purely for reference, receives here a fullness and completeness to render it a permanent and authoritative contribution in its field, where such workers as Dr. Schechter, who came to New York fresh from his triumphs in Cambridge, England, are deplorably rare.

The successive chapters treat, among other topics, God and the World; God and Israel; the Election of Israel; the Kingdom of God, invisible, universal, material; the Law; the Joy of the Law; Holiness and Goodness; Sin as Rebellion; Forgiveness and Reconciliation with God; Repentance and Means of Reconciliation. The author cites the opinions of the rabbis on these matters as they have been transmitted in Talmud, Midrash, literature, and liturgy; and with "the least modicum of interpretation or re-interpretation," shows that "they are equal to the highest aspiration of the religious man of various modes of thought." It is thus a forceful vindication of the essential humanity of the rabbinical schools, all of whose elaborateness and pedantry could not destroy, and did not aim at supplanting, but at reinforcing, the moral and ethical beauty of psalmist and prophet who constructed the main trunk line of Jewish thought. A rigid critic might dispute whether scattered individual opinions, of the early rabbis at least, can be rightly called theology, which to-day is more of an exact science. One, too, would like to know more distinctly the extent of rabbinic indebtedness to non-Jewish sources along the lines under treatment. There is ample material for an additional volume which the author indicates his desire to write. The value of the book is enhanced by a full and exhaustive index, prepared by Miss Henrietta Szold. Both the cultivated general reader and the theologian will find the work enlightening in a surprising degree.

Die Engländer in Indien: Reiseindrücke. Von Graf Hans von Koenigsmarck. Berlin: Allgemeiner Verein für deutsche Literatur.

From the title, perhaps, one might be led to think that Count von Koenigsmarck had given us a record of English possession and rule in India, with some reflections on the wisdom and re-

sults of the policy there. The book, however, is rather the summing up of what the author saw of English and native social life during a tour of India when he was repeatedly the guest of Englishmen in high station, and, through them, of native nobility. Criticism there is, to be sure, but it is almost always sympathetic and friendly, as when he praises the English wife, and especially the English woman long associated with Indian service, who, standing by her husband to the last, bears all the inconveniences of travel and the evil effects of climate and plague, in order to cheer and support him whom she promised to love and obey. Here and there, in an amusing anecdote or two, the German Count appears to have received a somewhat less favorable impression of a few *Amerikanerinnen*, who were clearly masters of their husbands; but, of course, these were "typical Western millionaires," flitting across India. As a true German, the Count draws a line, in his admiration of the English, at their cooking. "Pepper and Worcestershire sauce," he says, "are relied upon to make up all other deficiencies in the meal." Such a detail as this, however, is quickly forgotten in the charming atmosphere of the Anglo-Indian home, where the best of English virtues are more zealously preserved because of the vast distance between the mother country and the new domicile. One thing that impressed the German favorably was the religious freedom granted by the English to natives, and it is evident that the author regards the rule or management of India by English of the present day as, in general, on a high and liberal plane. He praises, also, English gardening and forestry and what it has done for India. In various cities, Count von Koenigsmarck came across colonies of his countrymen, doing well in their energetic pushing of German industrial projects which, "thanks to the enterprise of his Majesty, the German Emperor, have become widely and favorably known throughout India."

The most timely chapter in the book, and one that has some added significance as coming from a German, is that devoted to "young India," a "people who, whether Mohammedan, Hindu, or Parsee, have studied at English universities, mastered the languages and science of the Western world, travelled in Europe and America, take to the baths every year at Homburg or Carlsbad, and who can accomplish all that the Occident demands of them." Gone are the days when the white race may rule India at the cost of the native, or coop up the native in foul and inferior quarters: the vast change that has taken place is in no way better shown than in the occupation to-day by wealthy natives of the finest sites and best residences in Indian cities. The native en-

joys the protection of the English rule, without half the care or responsibility, and in the end remains, to the core, a native, determined more and more on Home Rule. In the meantime, the Englishman, having given the best years of his life to bringing order out of chaos there, wanders home, broken in health, to die a premature death from work and worry.

By way of summary, we may say that the author is a good traveller, who sees, remembers, and reproduces, giving many interesting "snap-shots" rather than lengthy descriptions. The volume contains thirty-four engravings and a map.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. By Wallace Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Irwin deserves the credit of returning at an opportune moment to a vehicle of satire utilized nearly two hundred years ago by Montesquieu, some years later by Goldsmith, and very recently by G. Lowes Dickinson. There is an irresistible piquancy in Oriental comment upon Occidental civilization, whether made by a Persian in Paris, a Chinese in London, or a Japanese in San Francisco. Mr. Irwin has made one important modification in this satirical genre: Montesquieu's Persian wrote excellent French, and Goldsmith's Chinese, as well as Mr. Dickinson's, wrote excellent English, while Mr. Irwin's epistolographer is capable of only an extremely sophisticated Anglo-Japanese. This innovation, natural enough in our cosmopolitan society, has had two not altogether happy effects: It has caused the author to indulge in some rather far-fetched "pigeon-Englishing" for the sake of those whose lungs are tickled of the sere, and it has partly concealed numerous diffuse and pointless passages produced when the author's inspiration was low. In general, the schoolboy falls somewhat short of the shrewd and trenchant intelligence displayed by his compatriot, Mr. Dunne's Irish-American. In some of the later letters the Oriental point of view is quite lost sight of, and the poor Japanese becomes the medium of a mere professional jester. The series starts, however, with the recent race riots in California and British Columbia, where the schoolboy's comment is really pertinent:

During my residence in Hospital to enjoy brick-bat wound sent there by Labouring Union, I give some large quantities of thought-attention to future life. What business would be swiftest for making success of it? Waiting on table-board of Mrs. O'Brien, honorable lady, is repulsive to proud Japanese Boy any more do. Which would be better for me: To learn to be Christian Missionary or to study for book-keeping and stenography? Both ways lead to good jobs. My cousin Nogi, who return from British Columbia leaving front teeth

with English friends there, say, "Missionary jobs are no longer needed for Japan, because our dear country already have rapid fire fleet . . . sufficient to make all Japanese Christians."

In something like this vein the comment spreads out over race questions, labor questions, sports, fashions, Polar expeditions, Presidential elections, and the rest. For rapid or intermittent reading, it is not a bad book; it will add to the wholesome laughter of the passing hour.

Science.

"Times of Sunrise and Sunset in the United States," by Prof. Robert W. Willson, is a little book published by the Harvard Cooperative Society, Cambridge. The problem of working out the times of sunrise and sunset is a fairly complex one. The almanacs usually give them for some central latitude, but their figures are quite in error when applied to places north or south of the assumed place. Furthermore, these figures are usually in local time, and, as one rarely knows the longitude of his own residence place, they are of small value to the ordinary seeker for exact information. Professor Willson has given by means of carefully computed diagrams the times of sunrise and sunset for the whole of the United States at intervals of eight days throughout the year. By a simple interpolation the reader may get in standard time, to the nearest one or two minutes, the hour of sunrise or sunset for any part of the United States and for any day of the year. The tables are convenient and practical.

"Das Pferd und seine Geschichte," by Wilhelm Bölsche, the second volume of his well-known "Tierbuch," traces the evolution of the horse from his wild state until subdued by the Arabians. (Berlin: Georg Söndé.)

The great interest shown by Germans in the problem of conquering the air, by one form or another of airship, is evident from the almost daily publication of book or brochure on the subject. The last work to appear is from Dr. R. Wegner von Dallwitz, "Hilfsbuch für den Luftschiff- und Flugmaschinenbau" (Rostock-i.-M.: C. J. E. Voelckmann). The forty-four illustrations are designed as practical helps to those wishing to try for themselves the building of an airship.

William Henry Wahl, for more than twenty-five years secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, died in that city March 23, at the age of sixty. He was born in Philadelphia, was graduated from Dickinson College, and later took the doctor's degree at Heidelberg. Returning to America, he taught science in the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia, and later at the Central High School there. He had been editor of the Philadelphia *Polytechnic Review*, associate editor of the New York *Engineering and Mining Journal*, editor of the New York *Manufacturer and Builder*, and of the *Journal* of the Franklin Institute. Among his writings are "Galvanoplastic Manipulations" (1883), "Technochemical Receipt Book" (with W. T.

Brann, 1885), "Handbook of Assaying" (translated, with additions, from the German), Vol. V of the "Iconographic Encyclopædia" (treating the constructive arts, 1893), "Historical Sketch of the Franklin Institute" (1894), and "Report on Petroleum, as to Their Safety and Danger."

Drama.

Griselda. By Gerbert Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer.

The nineteenth play by the author of "Die versunkene Glocke" is a great advance over its predecessor, "Kaiser Karls Geisel," and is likely to meet with more popular favor than the fairy-tale, "Und Pippa tanzt." "Griselda," presenting some twenty-two persons, as contrasted with half a dozen in the "Friedens Fest," was staged simultaneously at Berlin and Vienna on March 6, and was, in general, warmly received. If in Vienna especially the audience held its breath for a while, doubting whether to applaud, the coolness was probably due to Hauptmann's boldness of speech rather than to any lameness in the early action. This extreme frankness of utterance eclipses anything found in Hauptmann before.

As in "Florian Geyer" and "Kaiser Karls Geisel," Hauptmann sometimes turns to German history and tradition, and "Griselda" is founded on the old story of Griseldis, a poor farmer's daughter, whose husband, a count, having chosen her for her exceptional beauty, puts her devotion to the test by depriving her of her children, and finally sending her back home. At last, when she has borne every trial and indignity patiently, the noble count takes her back. This material Hauptmann transforms and remodels so that but little suggestion of the traditional Griseldis is left. He brings before us Markgraf Ulrich, a roystering, untamed heir, and the buxom peasant girl, with whom Ulrich is fascinated at first sight. His decision to marry her follows the attempt of his kin to make him take to wife a lady of the court. Thus far the figures are neither of wood nor of straw, but warm-blooded, if not always warm-hearted, creatures. Griselda's sudden transformation; however, in the fourth scene, at the wedding, from a peasant girl to a court lady, is fanciful rather than possible; and Ulrich's change of mien, implying an inner regeneration, is a little too celestial. In portraying Griselda as a meek, suffering wife, looking forward to motherhood and doubting the love and fidelity of her husband, Hauptmann holds somewhat to the ancient tradition; but he changes the motive of the count in removing the baby from the mother's reach, in that Ulrich is depicted as so passionately in love with

his wife that, from jealousy alone, he cannot bear to think that even the newborn child may come between him and the object of his affection. So, too, Ulrich does not drive Griselda from home, but, with soul aflame, she leaves the castle of her own accord and returns, in her peasant dress, to her parents' cottage. An impelling love for her child, however, draws her back, but only as a scrubwoman, to clean the steps of her palace. It is at this moment that her lost child comes into her arms, from a passing nurse, and in her hour of joy, Ulrich reappears, to be told by her, in answer to his question as to what he must do to atone, that he should love her, but less passionately.

In the scenes which exhibit persons in the higher walks of life, Hauptmann is less individual and forcible, but in the farmyard of the poor old Helmbrechts, the author of "Die Weber" is at his very best. Nowhere is his language more poetic. The colloquies between the aged parents of Griselda and the visit of the affectionate and bent old man to the bedroom of his daughter, to bring in some magic ointments prepared by the thoughtful Mutter Helmbrecht, show Hauptmann at his highest. The play is marked also by veins of humor.

When all has been said in its praise, however, it remains that "Griselda" is not equal to "Die versunkene Glocke," and probably not equal to "Hannele." But at least Hauptmann has not experienced the failure of "Florian Geyer" or stopped at the height attained in "Kaiser Karls Geisel."

"The Taming of a Shrew," the old play from which Shakespeare drew the plot of "The Shrew," has been reprinted several times before. The advantages of the new reprint in the Shakespeare Library (Duffield & Co.) are the neat and handy form of the book, the division of the play into acts, and the modernizing of the spelling. In other words, it is issued so as to attract the general reader as well as the special student of Elizabethan drama. The editor, F. S. Boas, furnishes a satisfactory introduction, in which he discredits the attribution of the play to Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, or (a theory revived by Prof. Courthope in his "History of English Poetry") Shakespeare. The usual appendixes follow the text, including a list of the extraordinary plagiarisms from Marlowe. The nature of these alone would disprove the Shakespearean authorship of the play, for our Stratford poet was not in the habit of spoiling what he borrowed.

Another volume in the Shakespeare Library presents a more complicated problem. "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" is one of the three plays whose plots Shakespeare seems to have invented himself; yet even here, as may be seen in Frank Sidgwick's compilation of "Sources and Analogues," the material was taken in free-handed manner. In his introductory study of the sources, Mr. Sidgwick considers separately the main or sentimental plot of the four lovers, the grotesque plot with

the interlude of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and the fairy plot. The discussion is excellent, although here and there, for example in the pages on fairy-lore, some of the material may seem too elementary for the scholar, and some of it too minute for the layman. The actual sources reprinted are Golding's translation (1575) of the story of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; "Robin Good-fellow," from Collier's edition for the Percy Society in 1841; "The Romance of Thomas of Erceeldoune," chiefly from the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral Library; selections from Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft"; "Strange Farlies [marvels]," from Thomas Churchyard's "Handful of Gladsome Verses" (1592); "The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow," from a black-letter broadside of the seventeenth century; with extracts from Ben Jonson, Drayton, and others.

Dr. Willibald Klatt is the author of a work on Molière's relation to the pastoral drama: "Molières Beziehungen zum Hirtendrama. Mit einer Vorstudie: Haupttypen der Hirtendichtung von Molière" (Berlin: Mayer & Müller).

Frank Wedekind, an aggressive and tenacious personality, has succeeded in finding a following in Germany, and has attracted the attention of French critics. After his repulsive "Musik," in which he presented with unnecessary brutality the unscrupulous licentiousness of a vocal teacher and the incredible weakness of a girl-student, he condensed into one act the tragedy of the poet and his muse, "Zensur: Theodizee." His latest play, however, "Oaha" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is a picture of life in the editorial world of a German magazine, so full of allusions to the *Simplicissimus* as to be barely comprehensible to the general reader.

There is one thing to be said about "An Englishman's Home," the play by Major Guy Du Maurier, which has been the cause of so much military hysteria in England, and which was produced in the Criterion Theatre on Monday evening, and that is, that, whatever may be thought of its motive or its logic, it is a mighty effective piece of work of its kind. Moreover, it is a veritable drama, admirably constructed in accordance with classic principles, and with a strict observance of the unities. The whole story is unfolded in action, the catastrophe is the legitimate result of the premises, and there is the closest correlation between incident and character. And, in addition to all this, the dialogue, although utterly devoid of literary pretence, and often studiously silly, is uncommonly good, because of its verity, its conciseness, its satirical significance, and its perfect appropriateness. Technically it is an astonishingly well made piece for a first effort, and incomparably superior in all dramatic essentials to the "Trilby" which made the fortune of the author's father. Regarded as a recruiting document and as a plea for the organization of a citizen soldiery for home defence—without reference to the vexed question of the likelihood or practicability of the imaginary invasion—and as a bit of fierce social satire in the mood of Kipling's muddled oafs and flannelled fools, it is a striking achievement. Of course it is flavored strongly with the professional contempt of the trained for the amateur

soldier, but those who are familiar with the quality of the ordinary British volunteer in the rural districts will realize that the picture drawn of the local Essex forces, if somewhat exaggerated, is by no means destitute of truth. If it be once granted that a sudden invasion of Great Britain is possible, the picture of fussy and comical incompetence, with all its disastrous consequences, becomes plausible enough. But the real sting of the piece lies in its merciless ridicule of that section of the vast middle class of the British population, the great body of smaller commercial men, shopkeepers, clerks, mechanics, and idle youth of all kinds, having no sense of social, individual, or national responsibilities, or much interest in anything except the music hall, the football field, and prize contests in the yellow journals. There is so much bitter and wholesome truth in all of this that the play acquires a special significance wholly apart from its merely military sensations. It is not difficult, after seeing it, to understand the stir it made in London, but it by no means follows that it will attract as much attention here, where it has no local application. The American audience laughed at the exhibition of incapacity which would have made most Englishmen grind their teeth. But the piece is good entertainment, taken simply as realistic melodrama. It is pleasant to think that in the original form Major Du Maurier brought it artistically to a tragic end. The present boastful finish is not only idiotic in itself, but makes nonsense of the whole representation. In this city there is absolutely no excuse for it.

E. H. Sothorn will begin his engagement at Daly's Theatre in this city, April 29, with a revival of "Richelleu." He will also be seen in "Hamlet," "Lord Dundreary," and "If I Were King."

There seems to be no doubt of the fine quality of John Galsworthy's play, "Strife," which has just been produced in London. It is a story of a fierce fight between capital and labor; of a strike in which the employers on the one hand and the men on the other are prevented from making mutual concessions by the unrelenting obstinacy of their respective leaders. Incidentally, the sufferings of the innocent wives and children of the idle workmen are set forth in a series of realistic pictures which are said to be of almost harrowing pathos. An especially strong impression was made by Norman McKinnel in the character of the rigid old capitalist, John Anthony.

Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton produced their new play, "Count Hannibal," at Bristol, England, last week. The adaptation of Stanley J. Weyman's novel has been done by Mr. Asche himself, with the assistance of Norreys Connell. Mr. Asche appeared as Count Hannibal Travannes, and Miss Brayton as the fair Huguenot, Clotilde.

A. E. W. Mason, who is better known in America as a novelist than as a playwright, has written a new comedy of modern life called "Colonel Smith," which has been accepted by George Alexander for production in London. Mr. Alexander will play the principal male part, with Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the heroine.

Beerbohm Tree will produce "The School for Scandal" in London April 10. He himself will play Sir Peter Teazle, Edward

Terry will be the Crabtree, Henry Neville the Sir Oliver, Lionel Brough the Moses, Robert Loraine the Charles Surface, and Basil Gill the Joseph. For the part of Lady Sneerwell, Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been engaged, and Miss Marie Lohr will represent Lady Teazle.

F. R. Benson's company, in England, has sustained a severe loss in the death of George R. Weir, the oldest and one of the ablest members of the organization. He was born of Scotch and Welsh parents in Glasgow, and began his stage career with Barry Sullivan. For twenty-six years he undertook all the leading comic rôles in the Benson company's productions, such as Stephano in "The Tempest," Sir Toby Belch, Autolycus, the First Gravedigger, and the Fool in "King Lear."

Music.

The Peasant Songs of Great Russia. By Eugenie Lineff. London: David Nutt.

Hopi Songs. By Benjamin Ives Gilman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In the opinion of Eugenie Lineff, the chief strength of the modern Russian music which at present plays so important a part in the concert halls of two continents, lies in this: that it reflects the life of the people collectively, the masses having helped in creating this music. In other words, the Russian composers, from Glinka, the creator of national opera, through Dargomijsky, Borodin, Seroff, and others, to Rimsky-Korsakoff and Tchaikovsky, wrote works which are full of the echoes of popular melodies. These melodies have been frequently collected and printed in a more or less—generally less—satisfactory manner, and they are frequently sung in Russian music halls and sometimes in ours. Some years ago, when Eugenie Lineff gave some "lecture-concerts" in this country, she was frequently asked whether her company sang "genuine folk-songs." She could only reply that they sang according to the best existing collections; but on her return to Russia she determined to make a thorough study of the originals, with the aid of a phonograph. She soon discovered that the collections she had followed were frequently misleading, the songs having been noted down by ear, a process particularly untrustworthy in the case of the Russian songs that are sung in two, three, or four parts. She compares the recording of a song by phonograph to the cinematographic process, and asserts that the twenty-three songs printed in her volume are the first record of Russian peasant tunes made in this manner. In transcribing them from phonograph to piano some of the exactness of the phonograph had to be sacrificed because the piano has only the "tempered" intervals; but in other respects, apart from tone color, these part songs are as sung by the people—

at times, for the singers incessantly vary them in accent and other details in accordance with the district, village, street, and the inspiration of the moment; for these performances are largely improvisations. There are also chapters on the singers of these songs and on the tonality and musical scales. The second half of the volume, containing the musical illustrations, is printed in the Russian language; but, fortunately, the Russians use the same musical notation that we do.

If the tonality, the modes, and scales of the older Russian folksongs present puzzles to our ears, far more does the American Indian music of which Mr. Gilman presents specimens in his volume on Hopi songs, which completes an inquiry into Pueblo music begun in 1891 with a study of Zuni melodies. The records upon which these investigations are based were obtained in Arizona by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, now of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, at the time in charge of the Hemenway Southwestern Expedition. He first applied the phonograph to the preservation and study of aboriginal folklore. To the lay mind nothing seems simpler than the taking of such phonograph records, but these pages show that the securing of exactness requires the most exacting investigation and adjustment. These records show not only how Indians make music, they show music itself in the making. In his treatise on Zuni melodies the author called them examples of a music without scale. "In this archaic stage of the art," he says, "scales are not formed, but forming." For this novel view he now has sought confirmation in the performances of Hopi singers, which, in his opinion, strengthen the belief that aboriginal American music "is a type apart, whose essential remoteness from the music of Europe and Asia may be symbolized, as it doubtless was conditioned, by the physical isolation of the Americas. . . . The hearer seems witness to a wholly strange method of musical thought and delivery."

Not only is this Indian music apparently without scale, but it is otherwise characterized by the freedom which the white race personifies in the Indian. No metres and bounds to invention manifest themselves; such exactness as the music possesses does not lie in the individual intervals, and the melodies may apparently be altered by every performer:

The song is no fixed scheme in the singer's mind, but a composite memory of many free renditions, as a folk-tale in the mind of the narrator, minute exactness alternating with wide latitude in the recital.

Of particular interest is what Mr. Gilman has to say about "mutation" in this music; that is, a partial change in the pitch of repeated phrases. While having points of resemblance to both discord and modulation, mutation is a

different means of musical effect from those upon which our music is largely based. There are several kinds of mutation (see pp. 17 and 217), and with their aid the Indian singer can produce changes of mood comparable to those we attain by passing from the gay major to the sad minor mode. One of the tunes recorded in this volume makes up "a dialogue of moods like Tennyson's 'Two Voices.'" Here is a new thought for our white composers of red music! But they had better make haste, or Debussy will hear of this and get ahead of them by writing an aboriginal American opera. It is just in his line.

When Verdi, at the age of eighty, launched a new opera, all the world marvelled at the feat. Musicians extolled the exquisite style of this "Falstaff," but after the first curiosity had been gratified the opera was neglected and all efforts to revive it and make it a regular part of the repertory have failed everywhere. In this city it was sung three times in 1894-5 and three times the following season. Then it was shelved till last Saturday, when it was revived at the Metropolitan under Mr. Toscanini and with an excellent cast. The attitude of the audience indicated that again it will not survive three performances. There is much in the score to interest musicians, but what the public wants in an opera is melody, and melody even Verdi was unable to create at the age of eighty.

Wassily Safonoff's successful activity at the head of the New York Philharmonic Society, extending over a period of six seasons, will come to an end with the concerts to be given on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week at Carnegie Hall. Out of compliment to the nationality of the conductor, a programme consisting wholly of the music of Tchaikovsky has been arranged. The "Pathétique" Symphony, "Italian Caprice," "Elegy" on string orchestra from the Serenade in C major, and "Slavic March" are the selections. It was the "Pathétique" Symphony with which Mr. Safonoff, at his first appearance with the Philharmonic Society, at once established himself a favorite with the New York public, and it has ever since remained his strongest and most impressive interpretation.

Isaac van Vleck Flagler, organist and composer, died at Auburn, N. Y., March 16, at the age of sixty-one. Among the collections of pieces he composed and edited are: "Five New Collections of Organ Music," "Organists' Treasury," "New Collection of Choir Music," "New Era of Song," and "Songs of Praise and Devotion."

Frederick H. Pease, for many years director of the music department of the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, Mich., died March 22, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Farmington, O., and, after study in both America and Europe, he came to Ypsilanti as teacher in 1863. He was author of a number of music books, among them "Pease's Singing Book," "Choral Instruction Course," and "Choral Song Book." He also composed a number of pieces of church music.

Art.

A SHOW OF FAIR WOMEN.

LONDON, March 10.

The International Society, having hit upon a name for a show that draws the public and still admits of interesting work, seems unwilling to give it up, and again this winter, for the second exhibition at the new gallery, has arranged a collection of Fair Women. Place has been found not only for pictures of distinction and of use to the student, but for pictures of either hopeless commonplace or of no use to anybody except the lover of the sensational. Though many contemporary portraits might have been left out to the advantage of the exhibition as a whole, they at least help to emphasize the difference between the methods of the artist who thinks only of the quality of the portrait he is painting, and the methods of the painter who is preoccupied with the effect to be produced on the walls of a gallery. When you see the affectations and poses of the men who struggle for recognition to-day, you realize the dignity and reticence of the men who were looked upon as the independents of the older generation and who were condemned as eccentric.

In point of time, the collection goes back to the eighteenth century. Reynolds and Gainsborough may not rank with the greatest masters of all, but they were far more than manufacturers, and the two pictures by which each is now represented are among their most characteristic. Reynolds painted few portraits with greater life and charm than the well-known Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and Child; Gainsborough painted few of more subtle truth and sympathy than his Mrs. Elliott. It is a pleasure to see these again, but in the present series they are of less immediate interest than work of a later date for the simple reason that they have had little influence on the art of to-day. An occasional modern painter in England may have gone back to the eighteenth century; but Courbet, Whistler, and Manet are the artists who, of all others, have had the most vital influence on modern art. By the time that Courbet had become a force in the Paris schools and studios, the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England was on the wane; but this movement was the English outcome of the same defiance of convention and academic ideals that made of Courbet a leader. The exhibition contains, however, little more than reminders of the Brotherhood: studies in pastel for his pictures by Ford Madox Brown; water color, pencil, pen-and-ink drawings by Rossetti; Venus's Mirror by Burne-Jones, a sad and dreary picture as one sees it now. Of the Pre-Raphaelite Millais, there is nothing ex-

cept his Eve of St. Agnes, though what it is doing in a collection of Fair Women, it is hard to say. His few portraits of a later period, though of no great importance, are painted with a knowledge and a freshness that make many near canvases look muddy and fumbling, while in one, the portrait of his daughter, there is a bunch of flowers so delicate and subtle in handling that, by comparison, the more ambitious details of other painters seem vulgar and crude. For Millais was accomplished technically, if he often fell away from his own high standard. Studies by Leighton, careful but uninspired, early portraits by Watts, of Lady Holland and Ellen Terry as a girl, complete the work of any note by British artists of their generation. It has so little in common with anything else in the gallery that you might think it was there solely to prove how slight was its effect upon the art of England or the art of the world.

It is another thing with the contemporaries of these men in France, who also believed in the return to nature which the Pre-Raphaelites preached, but did not know how to practise. Courbet stood in no need of Primitives, or of anybody, to show him the way to nature. He used his own eyes and would have been the last to content himself by substituting a new convention for an old. Only one of his pictures is exhibited, *Jeunes Fille cueillant des fleurs*, but in it you have an example of pure realism, of nature studied for herself, and you find that robust quality which only this intimate, intelligent study of nature will give. The young girl is solidly and vigorously painted, but she stands to one side as if trying to efface herself, and not distract attention from the mass—the avalanche—of flowers filling the rest of the canvas, put down in all their delicacy and fragility of form, in all their vividness and tenderness of color, but with a breadth that shames the tedious little photographic details of the Pre-Raphaelites. This is really a study of nature, not an inventory; and though the picture is not so typical of Courbet as some of his more famous canvases, it explains what “going to nature” and “realism” meant to the school of which he was the prophet.

A Whistler hangs beside the Courbet, and a second fills a centre in the same gallery. This is the *Symphony in White No. III*, too often seen of recent years to need description. It has artistic interest, apart from its own beauty, as the first picture he exhibited as a *Symphony*, and marks, therefore, his complete emancipation from Courbet. The other Whistler is *The Gold Girl*, the portrait of Connie Gilchrist, who, with her skipping rope, was a music-hall celebrity. I have never thought it one of Whistler's finest compositions, and it was never quite finished. The difficulties

for a painter, so dependent on his model, were great, for he wanted to show the dancer in the art of skipping, and succeeded really only in rendering arrested movement. But the lines of the lithe girlish figure are of the utmost grace, the folds of the curtain behind her carry out most wonderfully the curves of the rope, while the folds of this curtain and the girl's dress, just broken by the effective little touches of red in the handles of the rope, make as beautiful a harmony as he ever created. There is, however, a heaviness in the background, which, together with the failure to suggest action in the figure, just keeps it from being the masterpiece it ought to be. But both these pictures explain the aims and achievement of the painter who was destined to be a stronger influence during the last half-century even than Courbet.

There is only one Manet, the portrait of his mother, a half-length, not exhibited, I am told, since 1867. It is an extraordinary performance, a piece of realism if there ever was one. The mother, elderly but not yet old, is sitting, her hands in her lap. She wears black, her hair is black, and is arranged in tight puffs on either side of her face in the fashion for elderly ladies of her day, and over it is the black cap the Frenchwoman of her age and class is still so likely to wear. Her face is plain, the eyes prominent, the beginning of a black moustache on the upper lip. Thus she was seen in life, thus you see her on canvas, and by the sheer strength of the realism and the vigor of the painting, she is so alive, so abounding in vitality and character, that the near portraits fade into phantoms. She has the supreme beauty of ugliness that you find in some Rembrandts—not a Fair, but a Real Woman, whom you would not exchange for a whole gallery full of modern attempts at prettiness or eccentricity.

I dwell upon these three men because there is no question to me that they have had more effect upon art than any artists of the last century.

In the Sculpture Hall, space has been made for a fine show of Alfred Gilbert's work. The collection is representative, including some of his most distinguished portrait busts, statuettes, part of the tomb for the Duke of Clarence, jewelry, and official badges, chains, and seals. In fact, an excellent opportunity is given for the study of the work of the most distinguished English sculptor. The effort has also been made to get together a characteristic collection of the work of Charles Conder, who died shortly before the show opened. Conder had a charming decorative sense within certain limits. He could decorate a fan delightfully, his silk panels were dainty, he painted shawls, even dresses with a graceful gaiety. But his charm was chiefly in

his color and in the quality he got from the silk upon which so much of his work was done. But most of the pictures now exhibited are of figure subjects and reveal his weakness as a draughtsman, especially when he attempted to draw or paint the nude.

N. N.

The Ways and Means Committee would have found it hard to explain any smaller liberality than has been displayed in revising the art tariff. Against the present virtually prohibitive tax, every hand has been turned save only that of the Philistine who believes that every expensive thing is a luxury, and therefore ought to be discouraged. Travel and wider familiarity with the great public and private collections of our own country have taught Americans the use of beautiful things and broken the older backwoods philosophy of art, which fitted so neatly into the Republican scheme of protection. We may now hope to be enriched by the wonderful treasures of the eye which Mr. Morgan and other connoisseurs have stored up in Europe. But even if the greatest American collections abroad are not brought in, tourists will increase their purchases, and art dealers' imports will increase. Only in modern works will the inflowing current continue to flow shallow, unless Congress yet sees the absurdity of taxing contemporary foreign artists in the hope of aiding home talent.

Ralph Nevill's “French Prints of the Eighteenth Century” (The Macmillan Co.) is a good elementary handbook of the subject and something better; for it is agreeably written and contains much of anecdotal interest. A plea for the work of the *école galante* is really needed in English. Lady Dilke did much to reveal the essential seriousness of this apparently frivolous art, but the average Briton, or, for that matter, American, finds it hard to overcome certain racial misgivings. It is not that the Briton objects to the occasional naughtiness of the French designers (he gladly collects far naughtier prints made in England), but he is morally perturbed before a naughtiness that presents itself with such charm and taste. As a matter of fact, the austere collector may readily enough ignore that minority of salacious subjects, and find an enjoyment both keen and innocent in the delightful invention and workmanship of the rest. To depict the society of the waning *ancien régime* the engravers provided a peculiarly appropriate technique—an engraving first fully executed in etching, and always preserving the freshness and informality of the sketch. Then the color printers devised difficult methods to reproduce the gouaches of Lavreince and others. In comparison with the French color printing, that of England is puerile. Only that of Japan surpasses it. To all these matters Mr. Nevill is a cicerone, both competent and vivacious. He provides, beside a text of a very informative sort, a select catalogue of the more important prints, including summary notices as to states, sale prices, etc. Fifty plates add to the usefulness of the book. We could wish that more attention had been paid to the book illustrators, Gravelot, Marillier, and others. From poor or imperfect copies of eighteenth century books, prints quite as meritorious as those

in Mr. Nevill's catalogue may be rescued. But perhaps he assumes that collectors of this thrifty sort need no advice of his. It is well perhaps that we remind ourselves of the secondary character of these charming prints, taking them only for what they are. When we wish to grasp the quintessential spirit of eighteenth century France—to feel the fantastic delicacy of its gallantry, the convinced audacity of its wantonness, the serenity of a domestic life persisting nevertheless—we must go beyond the prints to the painting of Watteau, Fragonard, and Chardin. As historical documents, true records of the semblance of the times, the prints are of unique importance. No race or period has left a more vivid picture of its walk and conversation.

Of the excellent collection of works of sacred art published by the Catholic house of J. J. Kösel of Munich and Kempten, under the general title *Ars Sacra: Blätter heiliger Kunst*, a second set has now appeared, called "*Gleichnisse des Herrn*" (the first series bears the title "*Vom Erlöser*"). The new collection brings twenty illustrations of Parables of Christ—reproductions, the earliest going back to the catacombs of Rome, but only five antedating the year 1800. German, Dutch, and English painters are represented.

According to the reports that are already coming in from various excavators, the exploring season in Egypt promises to be as successful as heretofore. At Karnak, M. Legrain is continuing his work of restoration on the great hypostyle hall of Rameses II. It is noteworthy that in effecting this work M. Legrain has employed the same methods as the original builders, the fallen pillars having been gradually raised to their positions by inclined planes of earth. He has also discovered to the north of the temple a prehistoric cemetery, from which interesting finds are expected. Theodore M. Davis is continuing his work at the Biban el Moluk, or Valley of the Kings, where he has discovered another tomb, presumably of a king or other royal personage. At Abydos the work for the Egyptian Exploration Fund is going on; the excavators have paid a visit to a predynastic cemetery at Mahasna, and have unearthed there more than sixty untouched burials, which have yielded a rich harvest of predynastic ivories, pottery with painted and sculptured figures of animals, stone and ivory mace-heads, and an incised figure of a lion strongly resembling the prehistoric paintings found at Brassempouy, Mas d'Azil, and elsewhere. At Abydos excavations have also been begun on the Omm el-Gaab, or Tombs of the Kings of the first dynasty. They have already yielded some seal—which form additional proof for the identification of King Den with the so-called Marnett—and have laid bare two roads bordered with pottery. Near by, Prof. John Garstang of Liverpool University has opened, on the road leading past the village of El Arabat, a series of tombs which appear to belong to the fifth or sixth dynasty, and which exhibit an interesting mode of burial. The skeleton is found lying on its back with the legs crossed, in the remains of a wooden coffin, on the middle of the lid of which was placed a large inverted shallow pot or pan of red polished ware and of beautiful workmanship. The coffin also usually contained a copper mirror, pots, and ala-

baster vases, and in one instance a great quantity of small copper implements. The women seem to have been buried in the same way as the men. None of the bones show any signs of mummification. No inscribed objects have as yet been found. Professor Garstang has also obtained, in the so-called "Fort" at Shuneh, many jar-sealings of King Khasekhemui, a king of the second dynasty, and has discovered a tomb with an inscribed door frame and a table of offerings, the former dating from the twelfth dynasty.

At a meeting of the British School, held at Athens in February, Mr. Wace gave an account of the excavations undertaken on the prehistoric site on the hill of Zerella, near Almyros, in Thessaly. Remains have been found there of eight successive cities, of which the first seven belong to the stone age. A chronologically complete series of pottery could be traced among the remains. The most ancient layers yielded a plentiful supply of decorated red-on-white ware; the later strata are distinguished by the superior workmanship of the axe-heads and stone implements. From the thickness of the deposits and from other indications it seems probable that the stone age in northern Greece lasted until a comparatively late period, and that the bronze age came in at a much later date than it did in the Aegean.

At the second general meeting of the Hellenic Society, in London, P. N. Ure read a report on recent excavations in the ancient cemetery, at Rhitsona, in Boeotia, a site which has been identified with Mycalessus. A large number of graves have been examined which yielded a rich harvest of vases and figurines belonging mostly to the sixth century B. C. Though other wares, such as "Proto-Corinthian," Corinthian, and Geometric, were also represented, the large majority were in the Boeotian geometric style. Of special interest was the discovery of a Naucratic vase.

The second International Archaeological Congress will be opened at Cairo on April 10. There will be six sections: (1) Pre-classic: The Aegean and Mycenaean civilizations; (2) Classic: Greek and Roman archaeology and epigraphy; (3) Papyrology: Manuscripts of classical authors, etc.; (4) Religious archaeology: Greek and Roman religion; (5) Byzantine archaeology; (6) Numismatology and geography. Special attention will be paid throughout to the relations of Egypt with Greece and Rome.

After the fading of Sorolla's sunlight in the Hispanic Museum, any paintings shown there could not but appear pale; and this is the first inevitable impression made by the 38 pictures by Ignacio Zuloaga, who follows his fellow-Spaniard. His work is of an entirely different order, in both theme and technique, yet powerful in its way. Almost all these canvases are of the nature of portraits, and Zuloaga keeps to the grand artistic canons of Spain in seeking his subjects on every hand—gypsies, bull-fighters, actors, dwarfs, hags, peasant women, and great ladies. Everybody is paintable to him. His leaning, however, seems to be to the eccentric, or the actually repulsive. Deformity, oddity, lined and weazened visages tempt him often. This makes it possible to produce his bold strokes and strong effects, as in the

wrinkled old actor, Zambilli, or the extraordinarily vigorous Sorceresses of San Millán—a masterly, but depressing canvas—but it does not yield the surest proof of his being a really great portraitist. Even his young women usually have unpleasing features, and one is left wondering if he could paint a really beautiful woman, or the soft contours and delicate coloring of a child. The nearest answer which the exhibition gives is in the *Mlle. Bréval* as *Carmen*, in which the costume and light are brilliantly handled; yet all doubt is not solved. But these pictures leave no doubt that Zuloaga deserves his fame as a remarkable artist, the inheritor and continuer of the noble tradition of El Greco, Velázquez, and Goya. Neither so extensive nor so overwhelming as the "one-man show" of Sorolla, this second collection of contemporary Spanish paintings now brought to the notice of Americans by grace of Archer M. Huntington and the trustees of the Hispanic Museum, is one proof more how far Spain is from being, where Lord Salisbury incontinently put her, among "the dying nations."

Prints by Bohemian artists of to-day will be shown at the Lenox Library till March 31. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings and etchings by Augustus Koopman, at Cottier & Co.'s, March 31; figure subjects by American painters, Macbeth's, April 1; sketches and studies, Frank Fowler, Powell's, April 3; annual exhibition of the "Ten American Painters," Montross's, April 7.

A number of pictures of the James A. Garland collection were sold at auction at the American Art Galleries in this city March 20. The more important prices were the following: Millet, *A Shepherdess*, \$11,300; T. Rousseau, *La Ferme*, \$1,700; Dautigny, *Morning on the Marne*, \$14,000; Diaz, *L'Île d'Amour*, \$5,200; J. Dupré, *Cattle and Pool*, \$8,000; Corot, *Le Père*, \$15,900.

Alfred Cornelius Howland, who died at Pasadena, Cal., March 17, at the age of seventy-one, was a New York artist and member of the National Academy of Design. He was born in Walpole, N. H. After graduating from the academy at Walpole, he studied art in this country and abroad, at Düsseldorf and at Paris. He became an associate of the Academy in 1872 and a member in 1882.

Charles M. Kurtz, director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, died in that city March 21, at the age of fifty-four. He had been a member of the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and for nine years editor of the *National Academy Notes*. He was a director of the art department of the Southern Exposition in Louisville, assistant chief of the department of fine arts of the World's Fair at Chicago, assistant director of fine arts for the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900, and assistant chief of the department of art, Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Alfred-Nicolas Normand, the famous French architect, doyen of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, has died at the age of eighty-six. His most important works were the *Hôtel Pompidou* in the Avenue Montaigne (1865, now no longer in existence), the reconstruction of the Vendôme Column after the Commune, and the *Hôpital de Saint-Germain-en-Laye*.

The death is announced in his seventy-first year of the well-known contributor to the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and *L'Illustration*, Alfred de Lostalot de Bachoué. He also wrote a number of books, including "Les Arts au bois," "La Peinture française," and "Procédés de gravure."

Finance.

LONDON'S GOLD RESERVE.

On January 14, when money was especially easy on all the principal markets of the world, the Bank of England took the seemingly paradoxical step of raising its official discount rate from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., at which it had stood during the eight preceding months, to 3 per cent. The reason was not that demand for money had substantially increased at London, but that the bank was losing gold from its own reserve, in larger quantities than it liked. Most of this gold had gone to Paris. Though London had sent to the French market, during the full year 1906, only \$6,000,000 more gold than it had received from Paris, and though the net shipment of 1907 had been only \$10,000,000, the English market's loss on French account, in 1908, was no less than \$112,000,000. Moreover, the outflow had been increasing with the opening of 1909. During the four months up to the middle of January, all of the \$51,000,000 gold received by London from its Transvaal mines had been at once reshipped to Paris.

The causes of this persistent movement were complex. It has been variously ascribed to the large foreign indebtedness incurred by England during the Boer war of 1899-1902; to the unfavorable influence, on a great manufacturing state, of the high price of imported raw materials; and, by some London bankers, to the fact that reduction in the Bank of England rate to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1908, when the Bank of France maintained its former 3 per cent. level, had placed London at a disadvantage. Whatever the cause or causes, the result had been that, while the three state banks of France, Germany, and Russia had added, all told, \$300,000,000 to their gold reserves in the twelve months before the middle of last January—the Bank of France alone having gained \$172,000,000—the Bank of England's gold reserve, on January 14, stood \$20,000,000 below that of a year before. The Bank of France, the Bank of Germany, and most of the other great banking institutions of the world, including the New York Associated Banks, held at the time the largest stock of gold in their history; the Bank of England held \$90,000,000 less than in 1896.

The effect of the Bank of England's higher rate was immediate. All gold arrivals from South Africa thencefor-

ward went automatically into the English bank; and there followed moderate shipments of gold from Paris to London. During the two months after the bank rate advance of January 14, the Bank of England gold reserve increased \$31,500,000. In the four past weeks, the French bank has lost \$9,000,000 gold and the English bank has gained \$10,000,000.

A week ago, gold exports began from New York to London; the interesting fact about that movement being that, except for a moderate \$4,000,000 shipment early in 1907, our market had sent virtually no gold at all to London since 1900, although we had sent to France, in the same period, \$232,000,000 and to Germany \$47,000,000. We had imported gold heavily at intervals in the same period, but most of it—notably our enormous engagements in the panic months—came from London.

With the arrival of the first consignment of our gold at London came, last week, another turn in the situation. During the three or four years past, English bankers have been busy discussing whether the gold reserve underlying the credit structure of London ought not somehow to be increased. The discussions developed varied plans. Some bankers proposed that the government itself should accumulate a stock of gold; others, that the Bank of England should no longer be allowed, as at present, to have £18,450,000 notes outstanding against government securities, but should be required to substitute gold; still others, that the joint-stock banks, which at present keep their reserves in the Bank of England, should take measures to keep reserves in their own vaults. Three weeks ago, a committee of the London Chamber of Commerce reported on the question, but guardedly and vaguely. Last week, it was learned that a large joint-stock bank, the London City and Midland, had taken into its own vaults \$1,500,000 gold arrived from New York city—the first recorded instance when any home institution but the Bank of England has taken imported gold for such purposes. More of our gold is expected to be transmitted to the same institution.

It may be asked why London is worrying over its gold reserve. Chiefly for the reason already shown; that, alone among all great banks, its stock in vault is actually less to-day, with all the increasing world's production, than it was in 1896; largely because of nervous irritation over such episodes as New York's "raid" on the London gold reserve in the panic of 1907, and the constant drain to France in 1908; partly because of doubt as to what would be done in case of war. People used to talk of the "war chests" in the Banks of France and Germany. An eminent English economist once said that, if

England were involved in a serious international conflict, the Bank of England would stop gold payments, and the government take possession of its gold.

The curious part of the problem is, that nobody has suggested doubts as to the wisdom of the great joint-stock banks going virtually without a reserve in their own vaults. The 40 to 50 per cent. reserve in the Bank of England, where their reserves are kept, largely explains this view of things; the conservative methods of London banking afford another explanation. Possibly, however, the joint-stock banks themselves are now looking a little further forward.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*. Book Six. Translated by L. H. G. Greenwood. Putnam.
- Aristotle's *Rhetoric*: A Translation by Richard Claverhouse Jebb. Edited by John Edwin Sandys. Putnam.
- Beethoven's Letters. A Critical Edition with Explanatory Notes by A. C. Kallischer. Translated by J. S. Shedlock. Dutton. 2 vols. \$7.50 net.
- Cabell, James Branch. *The Cords of Vanity*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.
- Child Workers of the Nation. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.
- Coast and Geodetic Survey. *Principal Facts of the Earth's Magnetism*. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- Cook, Stanley A. *The Religion of Ancient Palestine in the Second Millennium*. B. C. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
- Cowen, Benjamin Rush. *Abraham Lincoln: An Appreciation*. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. \$1 net.
- Cowen, Joseph. *Speeches on the Near Eastern Question: Foreign and Imperial Affairs: And on the British Empire*. Edited by his daughter. Longmans, Green.
- Deming, Horace E. *The Government of American Cities: A Program of Democracy*. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
- Egan, Maurice Francis. *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis*. Century. \$1.50.
- Elson, Robert. *The Magnate*. Brentano's. \$1.50.
- Encyclopédie scientifique. *Le Commerce et les commerçants*. Par Yves Guyot. Paris: O. Doyn.
- Espronceda's *Blanca de Borbon*. Edited by Philip H. Churchman. New York.
- Forsslund, Louise. *Old Lady Number 31*. Century.
- George Washington: *Statement of Richard Parkinson*. Lord Baltimore Press.
- Givens, Robert T. *Has It Ever Occurred to You?* Givens & Bailey.
- Harland, Henry. *The Royal End*. A. Romance. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

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 Kenealy, Arabella. The Whips of Time. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50.
 Kipling, Rudyard. The Five Nations. Doubleday, Page.
 Kirkham, Stanton Davis. Mexican Trails: A Record of Travel in Mexico, 1904-07. Putnam.
 Klein, Charles. The Music Master. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.
 Labor and Wages. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.
 Lane, Ellnor Macartney. Katrine. Harper. \$1.50.
 Lane, J. Russell. The House Between the Trees. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
 Lynch, Lawrence L. The Sealed Verdict, or By Whose Hand? Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.

Macdonough, Michael. Irish Life and Character. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.50 net.
 Munro, William Bennett. The Government of European Cities. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.
 Noot, J. Lady Dean's Daughter; or, The Confessions of a Dying Woman. Cochrane Publishing Co.
 Nyst, Ray. La Caverne. London: David Nutt.
 Otis, William Bradley. American Verse. 1625-1807. Moffat, Yard.
 Parodi, D. Traditionalisme et démocratie. Paris: Armand Colin.
 Pages choisies des grands écrivains. Fontenelle. Paris: Armand Colin.
 Peck, Ellen M. H. Travels in the Far East. Thomas Y. Crowell.
 Reinach, Salomon. Orpheus: Histoire Générale des religions. Paris: Alcide Picard.
 Sangster, Margaret E. Happy School Days. Chicago: Forbes & Co. \$1.25.
 Seton, Ernest Thompson. The Biography of a Silver-Fox, or Domino Reynard of Goldur Town. Century. \$1.50.
 Slack, S. B. Early Christianity. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Spanish Anecdotes. Arranged by W. F. Giese and C. D. Cool. Boston: D. C. Heath. 60 cents.
 Spoth, John Charles. A Knight in Homespun. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
 Thomas, Rowland. The Little Gods: A Masque of the Far East. Boston: Little Brown.
 Tolman, William H. Social Engineering: A Record of Things Done by American Industrialists. McGraw Publishing Co.
 Vance, Louis Joseph. The Bronze Bell. Dodd, Mead, \$1.50.
 Völuspa: Done into English out of the Icelandic of the Elder Edda by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. London: David Nutt.
 Waters, Robert. Culture by Self-Help in a Literary, an Academic or an Oratorical Career. Dodd, Mead. \$1.20 net.
 Webster, Jean. Much Ado About Peter. Doubleday, Page.
 Williams, Jesse Lynch. Mr. Cleveland: A Personal Impression. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.
 Zobeltitz, H. de. Le Journal d'une fille d'honneur. Paris: Armand Colin.

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